

OUR NEXT EDITION WILL BE THE XMAS WAR CRY

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

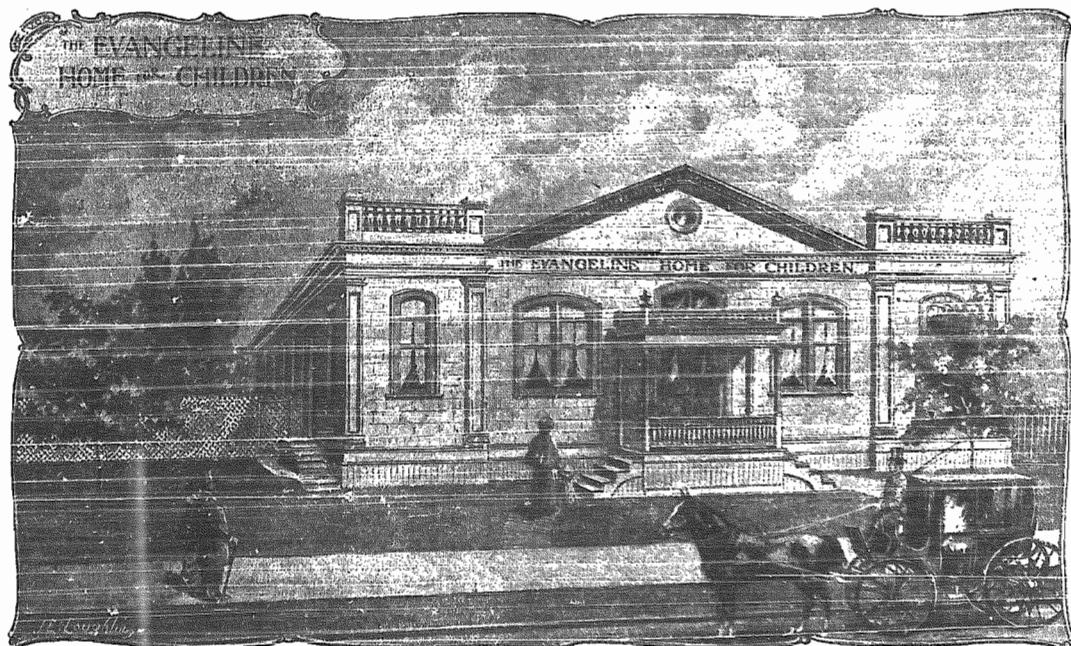
16th Year, No. 11.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioneer.

Price, 5 Cents.



MAJOR SMEETON,
who superintended the alteration and re-
fitting of the building now known as the
"Evangeline Home."



The Evangeline Home is the converted "Old Number One" (Richmond Street) barracks, of Toronto. The building was becoming very unsuitable for public meetings; besides, the growth of the city makes it a very undesirable position for a barracks. As a Children's Home it gives excellent accommodation--such as

good, spacious play-rooms, sleeping-rooms, dining-rooms, office and officers' bed-rooms, and is altogether a very creditable edifice. There is a large soldiered plot on one side for out-door exercise. It is a model home for children, and deserves to be classed with the model Renée Home, on Yonge Street.



ANGELINA,
given to the Army by her dying mother.
For this kind the Home is in operation.

Australasia

—Revisited OR, THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM- MISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole, by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER XXI.

DARK CURTAINS.

What we have already stated respecting the work of the Army in Australia among the criminal section of its society, may with equal, if not greater, force be applied to its efforts in reforming and saving the Magdalenes. Commissioner Pollard points with just pride to the expansion and management of this branch of the Army. It has steadily developed. Colonel Barker gave it its first impetus, and in Commissioner Howard was it warmly supported. Commissioner Coombes followed on the same lines, and simultaneously with Mrs. Herbert Booth's arrival in Melbourne, there sprang up a hope that it would be considerably strengthened—a hope which has been surprisingly realized. In no country in the world have we more spacious and suitable buildings, healthy surroundings and local and general support, and it would be invidious to say other of its management than that it is highly efficient, defying criticism, and securing the favor and practical help of the various Governments.

Contrasts.

No allusion to this work would, however, be complete without touching upon the causes which move for vice and immorality in these fair lands. An Englishwoman, for the first time, runs through the colonies is profoundly impressed by the absence of certain disfigurements in its social life, as compared with the Mother Country. Sunday is a day of universal repose and decorum. The blazing, open, and overcrowded drinking-saloons of England have no replica in Australia, except in a few places. The low, dingy beer-tap is unknown. You may live for twelve months in the city, or in the bush, and never see a woman cross the door of a whisky-shop. Dilapidated, dishevelled, brawling, drunken women are only occasionally seen. A positive responsibility, comfort, and luxury mark the general appearance of Aborigines; until the dark curtains of sin are discovered, you imagine that here, if anywhere, Paradise will be regained, Utopia established, and the Millennium ushered in.

The Colonial Woman.

Draw nearer to the people in the mass, and this rosy view of the future will not disappear from the vision. The Australian woman, like the American, is an emancipation. She carries with her the refinement and culture of a superior education and environment. The greater social liberty of the colonies moderates her impetuosity, chastens her speech, and gives her lady-like standing. The slut is a remnant of another generation. She does not thrive under the dazzling sun of the Australasian climate. Dull and squalid she may be found, but you have to search for these impediments. The voice of the blasphester and the drunkard may also be heard, but not with the lustiness of a coster in the Old Kent Road, nor in such numbers as are to be met with in some of our mining hills and valleys.

Nevertheless, Australia sows every year a harvest of vice which is at once a shame and problem to its best friends. The absence of an outward degradation, unfortunately, is here no proof of a much higher type of civilization or morality. That Australia possesses a higher, we frankly and cheerfully confess; but it has not, we regret to say (on the testimony of our best and truest observers of men and things as the officers whose names we have just mentioned), reached that standard which makes the need of Rescue and Maternity Homes comparatively small.

There are at work in Australia powerful degenerating causes. The growth and fascination of the city ideal, with all the accompaniments of fast living, pleasure and debauchery, have counteracted the influences in favor of rural and village life.

The reduction of the hours of labor and the equality of the wage-earning community have not tended, on the whole, to a wise use of the leisure at their command. Human nature will have an outlet for its animal craving, unless controlled by the higher offices of the mind or disciplined by sanctified by grace. Hence gambling is a huge evil in Australia, among all classes, and, alas! the evils which follow in its train are seldom dissociated from those which allure its weakest victims into the meshes of vice and the seething caldron of prostitution; and if it is to realize the dreams of its noblest statesmen and best sons and daughters, it will have to grasp more firmly than ever this monstrous social evil.

The pioneers of the Army early fore-saw the dangers ahead and founded a Rescue Agency, which has grown to such a dimension that, when the General last in Australia, the Commandant had the honor of handing to our Leader the following disposition of its operations, viz.:

Women in Homes at beginning of year	178
Infants in Homes at beginning of year	32
Total number admitted	840
From Prisons and Police Courts	253
Off streets and by application	581
Restored to parents and friends	173
Sent to situations	316
Sent to Hospitals	36
Sent to other Homes	43
Left unsatisfactory	98
Left unsatisfied to seek work	132
Children died	9
Women in Homes at end of year	201
Infants in Homes at end of year	30
Meetings held	1,076
Lunatics converted	512
Number of meals supplied	253,207
Number of beds supplied	93,265
Accommodation of Homes	299

Three satisfactory things are suggested by this fine table of work done. The first is the active and practical co-operation which evidently exists between the magistrate and the Army officer. A girl who pleads for a chance, and who is willing to submit herself to the care and discipline of one of our Homes for over two months, is certain, unless her crime is exceptional, to be leniently dealt with by the stipendiary. During twelve months, 269 were in this manner, and by the influence of the soldier, in her prison visitation, brought under the banner and used as models of Rescue Homes. The other is the grand total of 531 who were admitted to the Rescue Homes by application and direct from the streets. The Salvation Army is an open-air army. If it were an organization which confined its operations within the four walls of a comfortable Citadel, it is not exact to say that fifty per cent. of the women who fly to our banner in the hour of sorrow and remorse, would go down the stream of despair and prolong their agonies and multiply their kind.

The other satisfactory item, in the above is the number who professed salvation—512 out of a total of 840. Now, however, in connection with this, means change—a manifest alteration in the life and conduct. It does not merely represent a profession of repentance and faith at an altar or pontifical form, so that the fact that 512 women, more or less dissolute in habit, hunted in their moral sense, and the victims of cruel and physical injury, are put down as converted, shows that the Rescue officers in Australia are made of the right material. When this conversion means well, perhaps, be best understood in the following incident:—

"One of the brightest cases we have telling of is that of Myra N—, who was born in an early age, and in great hardship, seeking the protection of the Salvation Army to shelter her from the snubs and taunts of the cold, cruel world. With this end in view, she tramped on and on for a distance of over twenty miles, in order to reach the nearest large town, where admission to our Maternity Home was obtained. Very soon the little babe opened its eyes upon a world in which it was destined to remain but a short time, for only five months after God took it to Himself. Out of poor Myra's sorrow has sprung up that which has changed the whole course of her life: keeping her eyes ever fixed upon the stars in the hope that one day, by the light of God, which sheds its rays upon her hitherto clouded existence, she will meet her little one once more."

(To be continued.)

Gleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Our St. John's Correspondent.

Mr. Robt. Pittman, of St. John's, Nfld., is an old "War Cry" correspondent, whose copy is always welcome in the Editorial office. He has two daughters in the work now. He writes: "Captain Pittman, now in Houton, Me., is my daughter, and I have another just going into the S. A. work here. God bless and give them success; they are at my heart." And God bless their worthy father, the Editor adds.

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Boer and Briton

Among the Self-Denial cards that were displayed at the Temple, the one of Doctor Watkins' was especially remarkable. It contained contributions of five and ten cents each from Butler, Joubert, Boer, Kruger, Stein, Milner, etc. This historic document is in possession of Staff-Capt. Archibald, who will doubtless sell it at a reasonable sum to any wealthy curio-collector.

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Alaskan Adventures.

Adjt. McGill and his worthy wife are in for bringing their work up to high-water mark. They have started the Junior work with four companies. Well done! Other Western corps do likewise. The weekly meetings for Indians are a grand success and the converts already gained are turning out very satisfactory.

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"The Bishop and the Boy."

"Be it known unto all men at Headquarters, and all other quarters, that on the 29th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, that a fine boy, a recruit arrived in the home of Adj't. Blackburn to help in the wing of Self-Denial. He has started to sing already. The mother is as well as can be expected.

"Our S.-D. target is all O. K. now.—As ever yours, S. Blackburn, Adj't."

Times' Stream

(A DREAM).

I stood upon the shores of Time and watched the stream sweep onward to eternity. A beautiful stranger stood beside me, the like of whom I had never seen before. I knew, instinctively, my companion was not myself, a prisoner of matter, bound to this smelting furnace of a world, with its tantalizing tangle of mysteries, its glorious possibilities for love and for wisdom, and for holiness, its awful and incomprehensible failures, its seeming anarchy of giant forces, its frightful babel and mental chaos, its mad strife, its selfishness, pride, and hatred, and its darkness, misery, and despair.

I felt no fear, because my soul felt no condemnation, and because I saw a love in the eyes of my companion too tender and too deep for words.

I turned and asked concerning Time's river, which flows so restlessly at our speed—some scarcely moving, while others bound? And he replied: "It is a parenthesis, or bridge, between two eternities. Look thou at the river, mark well what thou sees and receive instruction."

I looked and lo! the river was tumbling with human souls. Some battling against the current, others doating smoothly and aimlessly down.

Those who stemmed the fierce tide were forging ahead at various rates of speed—some scarcely moving, while others cut their way by sheer force through the rapid, rolling waters, oustripping the rest, passing them one by one, cheering the weak and faltering ones as they passed, but pressing onward as though racing for a prize.

I said, "Why do these go so fast while others scarcely move, and why not all float with the stream, it is so much easier?"

Hiding Seats.

"Those who stem the current," replied my companion, "are living souls. Within them are hidden spiritual forces. These forces are available to faith, and in a deeper sense to love. Those who see travelling so fast, see the goal. They

know God, and with the eyes of the soul, in some measure, see Him. Nevertheless, they have much to learn yet. Those who move so slowly are Christ's little ones. The terrific force of the world faith is scarcely more than equal to the powerful forces they battle with. Still, they are turned in the right way, and they will develop faith and power as they advance. The rest I tell you about later on."

Just then I noticed a woman, pale, tired, and worn, with a great, great love shining through the windows of her soul, and a strange, bright light reflected from her face, so I had to shut my eyes to see. She held very tenderly, with one arm, a wounded sister, while with the other she fought her way calmly against the mad turbulent stream.

Just then a party of monstrosities—half devil, half beast—came floating down the stream and flung themselves athwart the woman's course, as if determined to sweep one or both down stream with them. I trembled, but she kept on, and I heard her mutter through set teeth, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," while a look of calm, sweet trust beamed in her eyes, and mad mob met them and buffeted them, and they sank beneath the surface, wounded, weak, and faint, yet still facing the downward sweep and breasting the powerful current.

After a little I saw her rise to the surface again, and I could not bear to look at the woman's face, it was so beautiful and pale with such intense brightness. I turned to the boy at my side and muttered through my tears, "No sons, through opposition rise, from the darkness and defeat the stronger!" And when I looked again I marvelled greatly, for the woman was still pressing on, still holding her wounded sister, and "her strength was as the strength of ten."

Perfect Love.

I said, "What is this?" and the angel replied, "It is the perfect love. No power can withstand it. She does not feel the drag of the waters now. She will pass the fleetest of Pilgrim Swimmers. Sometimes the last are first, and the first may be last."

"But what of those who drift so easily down with the tide?" I asked.

"Look and see," he answered, and he touched my eyes. Immediately I seemed to possess an intensity of vision, somewhat like the power of the X rays. Matter became transparent, like glass, and the soul was revealed to me. They were not like human beings at all. They resembled the lower order of the brute creation. Some were like foxes, others like wolves. Some again had the form of swine and hyenas. A great many had the appearance of devils and vampires, all had the shape or beak of birds of prey. I questioned my companion concerning the reason, and he replied:

"Exactly as the dead refuse is carried down to the sea by the current of mountain streams, so the dead waste of humanity floats down the stream of time. There is one difference. The human brat, rich or poor, wise or simple, may be changed. Christ died for him. He may turn from his wickedness and live, and in the power of Divine life he may stem life's current and reach an eternity of love!"—K.

Who Follows in His Train?

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-like crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar: Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Master in the sky, And called him on to save;

Like him, with pardon on his tongue, In midst of mortal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few Whom on the Spirit came, Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

They climbed the steep ascent to heaven, Through peril, toil, and pain; O God, to us may grace be given To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber.

My Journal.

By THE GENERAL.

Gratifying Results.

Monday, 6th.

Said farewell to Berlin with real reluctance. It has been one of the most remarkable Campaigns in my life. In seven days I held ten Public and three Officers' Meetings. At the former we had 360 at the Mercy-Seat, 220 of whom were people who had never been to the Penitent-Form before—nay, the majority had never before attended a Salvation Army meeting. Of the rest, some were confessed Bucksiders, while others came out for a clean heart, or to offer themselves for offerevangelism.

These results I look upon as very gratifying. Verily, verily, God is good, and all the glory belongs to Him. I must praise Him more, and look and live for still greater things.

The journey from Berlin to Flushing is certainly a very fatiguing one, involving twelve hours, and although done this time under favorable circumstances, I was no little weary when I bounded the Steamer near upon midnight. Had a quiet passage, and reached London the next morning at nine o'clock.

Tuesday, 7th.

Finished Article entitled "All about the Local Officer," for the Magazine devoted to the interests of that body of officers. I wonder how far the Local Officer reads his own Magazine, and further, I wonder how far he has profited by it? So impressed am I with his importance that I am determined to do all I can to make his own Journal instructive, inspiring, and useful. The Locals can do in return will be to read it.

About the last thing today is the arrival of a cable from America stating that their Self-Denial Week had realized the magnificent sum of £27,100, and a magnificent sum it is, considering that it comes from a population of under Five Millions, not more than an eighth of that of the British Isles. Well done, Australia, and well done, Commandant, and well done, every Officer, Soldier and Friend concerned! This is another link in the chain that binds you to my heart, for it means more help for the perishing Millions of the Heathen World.

Week-End at Swindon.

Saturday, 11th.

I must away again. Life seems all too short for the despatch of the business that devolves on my shoulders. The labour of "passing the time away," which some people find so difficult, is all unknown to me. My difficulty is to get the work in the time available.

2 p.m.—Swindon is my destination today. Some of my readers will remember my visit to this town fifteen months ago, and remembering it, will wonder why I have gone back again so soon when their places are passed by. So I had better say, by way of explanation, that some change in my Continental Campaign having left this particular Sabbath unoccupied, and not being willing to be idle, I allowed them to put Swindon in at the last minute.

7 o'clock.—Local Officers. About 120 present. Would have looked well if half of them had not been out of Uniform. That was a pity. Still, I felt as though they had the ring of good metal, I tried to cheer, encourage and stimulate them, by pushing them up, among other things, to the realization that they were Officers indeed and of a truth, and that they therefore ought to qualify themselves for the mighty work that lay before them.

7.45—Officers' Meeting in the comfortable Barracks, which would have been excellently adapted for the gathering if we could only have had a reasonable allowance of fresh air. Oh! Architects, Architects, how many talkers (useful and otherwise) have you hurried into eternity by the filthy, poisonous gases you have compelled them to inhale, while giving out the thoughts that breathe, the words that burn, or such as they think do so?

The audience—strictly confined, they tell me, to Soldiers and Ex-soldiers—was mostly men, and would have been most impressive if they had only been properly dressed—that is, in Salvation Clothes.

of no concern? If such a reader does say such a thing he talks nonsense, and talks contrary to the practice of all human kind. Is there a man or a woman on the face of the earth to-day who does not stop to consider what kind of clothes he wears?—that is, if he has any choice in the matter—and that in view of the impression he will be likely to make thereby, for good or ill, on the little world around him.

What would a King be without his Royal Apparel, a Judge without his Gown and Wig, a Queen's Soldier without his Uniform, or a Policeman without his Helmet? Not that the Royal Apparatus makes the King, the gown and Wig the Judge, the Uniform the Soldier, or the Helmet the Policeman. But they signify—that is to say—proprietors—their respective Offices to all others.

Just so, even Salvationist should not be known, but should publish his Master and his Master's Salvation by his dress. I would have the house in which he lived published as a House of Mercy by a Flag by day and a coloured bunting by night. So should the said Salvationist appear truly as a candle in a candlestick, a city set on a hill.

I think we did something to-night that ought to revive the love of the dead and Uniform and apparel—the little courage necessary for the wearing of it; anyway, I know of one dear Local who looked up her bonnet, and came out looking ten years younger in it the next afternoon. Oh, Swindon, you must mend your ways on this matter of Clothes!

But to return. The Saturday Night's meeting grew in faith and hope and feeling as we went along, and finished up with seventeen at the Mercy-Seat, some of them long-time Wanderers from the Fold.

In the Theatre.

Sunday.

The Queen's Theatre is a charming place for talking. If I could always have such buildings for my exercises it would add years to my life. Talking to-day, so far as the physical exertion is concerned, has been a real joy, although I have not been in the highest of spirits.

The audiences were good. In the afternoon the Orderlies at the doors said

Do any of my readers say that Clothes are an unimportant matter, that if your heart be right the raiment is a matter

the people turned away would have filled the place over again, while at night we were fuller that ever.

The congregations were what I like, indeed, they were perfectly representative of all classes. We had the Respectables in the Select Seats, and the Working-men by the hundreds. We had Publicans and their Customers—drunk and sober. We had people who sit in Gallery, Pit and Boxes on the week-night, and the Performers who acted on the stage for their amusement, most of the Company who had been acting "The Devil of New York," being present.

No crowds ever listened to my voice much more attentively, seriously, and with more apparent thoughtfulness, and, as the result, conviction seemed to be everywhere. But the responses were not what I hoped for. Still, it was a matter for praise and thanksgiving to God. Some of my comrades look at the whole effort as a glorious triumph, considering that they had only five days in which to make the visit known to the Public. Perhaps I am more difficult to satisfy; anyway, I hope that Major Cox, who is continuing the meetings, will receive some fruit for which I have sown the seed.

Here are some interesting papers setting forth the results of the two visits:

Fifteen Months Ago.

There were 70 at the Mercy-Seat, or where there were added—

- 26 Soldiers to No. I Corps.
- 5 to No. II.
- 6 to No. III.
- 15 at least, to surrounding Corps.

That is, 46 out of 70.

While at No. I Corps the band was revived, newly Uniformed, and, generally speaking, made over again, and right earnestly and capably they helped me yesterday.

Visit Just Closed.

No. at Penitent-Form—

Men	35
Women	39

Total .. 74

Of these there were seekers of—

Salvation	53
Holiness	14
Bucksiders	7

Total .. 74

Of these, 35 promised to become Soldiers, and put on ribbon on the spot.

Where did they come from?—

- 35 attend the barracks.
- 25 Church and Chapel.
- 14 Nowhere.

War on a Salvationist.

A Disgraceful Scene in Quebec.

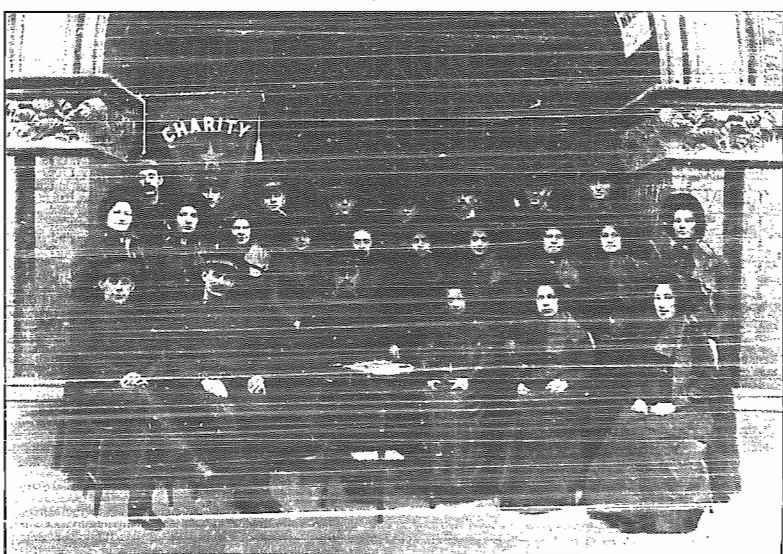
(From the Montreal Witness.)

Quebec, Nov. 25.—With evident gusto, several of the French papers here last evening report in the following terms a disgraceful incident that occurred on Thursday night last in St. Roch's. There was a communion at 8:30 last night at the foot of Côte d'Albion, where a crowd of several hundred people had collected. After enquiry, it was learned that the whole rumine was over one of the Salvation Army girls—there was a great festivity at the barracks on Thursday night—those who had taken the liberty of making an incursion into St. Roch's, the most French-Canadian part of the city, in order to evangelize the people there, and to lead after her to the Army's headquarters on Palace Hill, all who might be reduced by her fine words. Unhappily, one of the girls, who do not shrink after such appeals to hypocrisy, took a different view of the matter, and the neophyte was forced to take refuge in a store in order to escape from the crowd, who threatened to make it unpleasant for her, to say the least. After waiting a good hour, as the Salvation Army lady was not in a hurry to make her reappearance, the witnesses of the woman's conduct divined away little by little, and then, as all the trouble finally made her escape on a street car, here is one, assuredly, who will remember her visit to St. Roch's.

Quebec, Nov. 25.—The "Soleil," the French Liberal organ here, has the manliness to refer to the disgraceful attack in the following terms, which do it infinite credit: Frankly, we cannot understand how our population, usually so intelligent, can allow themselves to commit such acts as those which we witnessed here. We are all bound to a sense of some kind when passing through the street in the costume of these upstarts. Some blackguards commenced to insult her; it did not need more to collect a crowd and we do not know what might have happened had not a French-Canadian citizen had the kindness to give her shelter in his house. We might relate other details which have come to our knowledge, but in regard to which we demand silence the best course for the presence.

(We touch our hat to "Soleil."—Ed.)

He that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves not only praise for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears.—Sir W. Scott.



Cadets In Training at the Toronto Barracks.

Capt. Kyland and Staff-Capt. Arohlbad, Men's Training Garrison.

Colonel Jacobs, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Slanyon, Chief Secretary, Training Secretary.

(See Cadets' Corner, p. 4.)

Adjt. Dabbsay and Capt. Stephens, Women's Training Garrison.

WITH THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

A Heartly Welcome Extended to Lieut.-Col. Margetts by the Pacific Province.

NELSON, ROSSLAND AND SPOKANE MEETINGS.

By STAFF-CAPT. GAGE.

On account of the rush of work in connection with his farewell, the Brigadier was unable to leave Provincial Headquarters, and right glad was I, with Mrs. Gage, to have the privilege of meeting the Colonel at Nelson, and extending to him a right, royal, hearty welcome to the West. Time was so short that it seemed we just nicely began to talk over old times, when we were reminded it was time for the march and open-air. The soldiers and bandsmen turned out well, and we had a good, rousing open-air, with some good, straight, hard hitting, which I am sure will bring about some practical results. The meeting inside was well attended, and when the soldiers and friends were asked to show their appreciation of the Colonel's message, they did so in a proper old-fashioned style, and fairly raised the roof with their volleys. The meeting was a good one and went with a swing. The Colonel's address was very profitable and enjoyed by all. This was only a foretaste of what was to come the following night.

The soldiers rallied in good force for the open-air and the bandsmen turned out to a man and blew until thunderous. The open-air was well attended, orders. A great crowd gathered around and drank in the words of life, and gave freely in the collection. The meeting inside was an ideal one.

The Colonel's Singing

was enjoyed by all present, and his address was inspiring and convincing, the soldiers and Christians were cheered and encouraged, and the sinners and backsliders were drawn from their slumbers of sin. Some five or six held up their hands expressing their desire to be saved and three came to Jesus and sought pardon and forgiveness for their sins. The crowd remained until the close of the meeting, many of them being deeply convicted. Everybody enjoyed the Colonel's visit immensely, and a hearty welcome awaits him on his next visit to the Kootenai.

Roseland.

Saturday morning, bright and early, we boarded the train for Rossland, and were met at the station by several of the comrades who had been despatched by Capt. Haas to escort us to the quarters. Unfortunately, the weather was very much against the train here, as it rained most of the time; but in spite of the rain and mud, which was in many places ankle-deep, good crowds attended the meetings. The soldiers and friends were delighted to meet the Colonel, and gave him a most enthusiastic welcome to Rossland. These comrades are a warm hearted crowd, and know how to make a person feel at home. The meeting was a proper Saturday night free and easy indeed, everybody felt it was good to be there. The Colonel's address, which was filled with wit and humor, was enjoyed by all, and we closed feeling confident of a good time over Sunday.

7 o'clock a.m. found a good crowd gathered together for knee-drill; in fact, it was the best crowd we have seen at any knee-drill for a long time and puts many of our larger corps to shame. We prayed and sang, and God gave His blessing, which sharpened our appetites for something better.

The holiness meeting was well attended, and I should judge nearly every Salvationist in the town was present, and enjoyed the meeting immensely.

Some Laughed and Some Cried,

while others slept, and the Colonel's straightforward talk was profitable and inspiring to all. Two comrades came forward and dedicated their lives to God.

The afternoon open-air and meeting were good and all that could be desired. Some good, straight, hard hitting was done, and everybody present enjoyed the Colonel's latest song and address. The soldiers and Christians were blessed and

inspired, and the good advice given by the Colonel was appreciated, and will no doubt be acted upon.

The night meeting was well attended, the new barracks being filled. The Colonels were especially earnest and made arrangements that something practical should be accomplished. His remarks, based on the words "Why sleepest thou?" referring to Jonah, were most convincing and aroused many a sleeping soul; tears flowed quite freely, the spirits of strong, brave-hearted men wilted, and a mighty conviction settled down on all the assembly. The prayer meeting was a hard struggle; people seemed to set their faces against God and would not yield; however, one man surrendered and wept over his heart at the Mercy Seat. The Colonel enjoyed his visit to the Kootenai very much, and the soldiers and friends enjoyed it still more, and all unanimously unite in saying, "Come again."

Spokane.

After a long tedious journey we arrived in Spokane and were met at the station by the Brigadier, Adj't Alward, and other comrades. The Colonel's visit to Spokane has been looked forward to with great expectancy and had been well announced through the papers and by other means, and a great deal of enthusiasm had been aroused. Sharp or, the officers and soldiers of the city marched to the open-air stand where a good crowd had gathered. Open-air went with a swing, and the crowd of men that had gathered seemed anxious and hungry for the bread of life. The barracks was filled with an splendid, appreciative crowd who knew how to appreciate good thing. The meeting opened with a song and everybody seemed prepared for a good time. After several of the officers had given a few words of welcome, the Brigadier, in his natural, genial way, introduced the Colonel, and voiced the sentiments of all present when he said, "We are right down glad to have the Colonel with us." After the preliminaries had been gone through with, the Colonel took hold and gave a very enjoyable and profitable talk indeed, which seemed to whet our appetites and set us all longing for something better.

Some officers having come in, Wednesday was spent in a nice little officers' meeting. The Colonel's address were much enjoyed and appreciated by all present, and the J. S. work received a good share of his attention. The open-air at night was well attended, and I think was the largest crowd of soldiers I have ever seen in Spokane. The comrades spoke well, and Bro. Jeusen, a volunteer, who has

Just Returned from Manila.

was given a most hearty and enthusiastic welcome; he poured some red-hot shot into the enemy's ranks. The barracks was well filled and the Colonel gave his best address on the "Great White Throne." There was certainly a masterpiece, men and women sat spell-bound and if they were actually sitting in judgment. Mighty conviction rested on the crowd while the red-hot burning truths were hacked home to their hearts and consciences by the Holy Spirit. The meeting closed with a splendid red-hot prayer meeting and some souls seeking salvation.

Thursday night was simply a continuation of what we had had, the barracks again was packed to the doors with an anxious, appreciative crowd.

The meeting opened with a swing, and many prayers from believers who went up to the throne on behalf of the crowd which had congregated. The Colonel's latest songs took hold, and reminded many a wandering boy of home and of affliction.

Prayers. His address was principally to soldiers and Christians. It was a treat to every lover of the Lord Jesus. As the Colonel continued to unfold the beautiful truths many saw their weaknesses, and how much they had failed in the past. It was a real pull-up time, and proved a great help and blessing to our own people. The meeting closed with one soul seeking salvation, everyone, apparently, who attended with the Colonel's first beginning to end. Many expected their regret to be too great to stop longer, however, we can promise him a most hearty welcome to Spokane on his next tour West.

With the Territorial Secretary In North Dakota.

The visit of the Territorial Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, had already been a blessing in the Manitoba section of the Province, hence it was with mixed feelings of pleasure and expectation that I set out to meet him at Jamestown. The T. S. had been away four hours in bed before his arrival, and that was the extent of the night's rest; and about the same for several nights.

The Jamestown people are a jolly, hearty crowd, the barracks was full and the audience most appreciative and attentive, and responded generously to the appeal for the collection. The T. S. handled his subject splendidly, and the Holy Ghost sealed the effort, resulting in three coming forward.

Grand Forks for Saturday and Sunday, was the next feature. It was refreshing to meet with Ensign Dean and Capt. Blodgett, as it woke memories of many battles of the past. The neat, cosy quarters made as feet at least next desire to home, and revived my drooping spirits (if not the F. S.'s) and aroused faith and expectation for the week-end's efforts.

The Colonel's addresses were thoughtful, keen, and penetrating, and much enjoyed, except by those who discovered on themselves a tight-fitting cap. One soul Saturday night, a few out in the holiness meeting Sunday morning, and three souls Sunday night were the spoils of the Grand Forks campaign.

At Fargo the meeting was a fine success in every way. This brought the T. S. tour to a close as far as the N.W. Province concerned, but the influence of his visit will live long when he is far away from us.

Personally, I enjoyed his meetings and visit very much, and the Lieut.-Colonel can look forward to a hearty welcome when he comes this way again.—J. F. S.

Carman Corps Formed.

Major Southall Presents Colors and Enrolls Recruits.

Carman, a town of about two thousand population, was attacked by two Salvation Army lassies—Capt. Dwyer and Lieut. E. Custer—on September 30th, and it was only fitting that the new Provincial Officer, Major Southall, should be on hand to present the colors to the young corps. On Saturday, Nov. 25th, the Major, accompanied by Adj't. Cass, made his first appearance in the beautiful and growing town, which has just been incorporated as such, and will elect its first Mayor this year.

At 7.30 we started for the open-air stand, three-quarters of a mile away, down the hill into the street, the atmosphere very rough, and there were no street lights, it was rather dark, and stumbledings were frequent. We returned safely to the barracks, however, found the place full, and had a beautiful meeting. Major Southall presented the colors. One little boy volunteered for salvation, and gave a definite testimony of having found it.

Sunday, 7 a.m., inspiring knee-drill.

Sunday, 11 a.m., had a beautiful time. God, the Holy Ghost, was present in power and spoke through the Major. Two out for the blessing of a clean heart.

At 3 p.m. the place was crowded. A good testimony meeting. The Major's address was well received, and we would not be surprised if his plea for a steer for the Christmas dinner for 1,000 poor people of Winnipeg, would be entertained by some of our rich and friendly farmers around Carman.

Twelve Soldiers were Enrolled

and the corps was organized with men and women of a good stamp.

In the night meeting the place was jammed, about 100 people were turned away. The meeting throughout was one of deep spiritual influence, and though the atmosphere was depressing, the audience listened with rapt attention to all that was said. The Major's sentences were as cold steel to the hearts of many present, and conviction was manifested on many faces. When he got through speaking, owing to the great crowd of people and the inconvenience of reaching them, the results were not as great as we expected, but who can tell what amount of good will spring from that meeting.—Bon four.



"My Canadian Christmas Chronology,"

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,

IN THE XMAS WAR CRY.

Cadet's Corner.

The Cadets are not often heard of through the pages of the War Cry, but, nevertheless, where they fight, on various parts of the battlefield, there is every evidence of life, activity, and triumph.

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We have at the present time about fifty in training, twenty of whom are Garrisoned in Toronto. Two "Proletarians" were appointed to the Field a few days ago from the women's T. G.

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The last lecture they were privileged to attend was given by the Chief Secretary. Needless to say, whenever the Colonel can spare an hour of his valuable time to meet the Cadets in council, he gets a very cordial welcome and his words are deeply appreciated by one and all.

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The Men's Garrison has been transferred from Richmond St. to the Temple. They are now comfortably settled in the George St. Home, under the supervision of Staff-Capt. Archibald. They are a Godly, happy, and energetic band, and should do great good service for the Kingdom.

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The Staff-Captain loves his boys and the Temple soldiers are rightly proud of them. The result of their canvassing for S.D. was a proof that they are not afraid of hard work, and that they possess a great essential—TACT.

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The women, under Adj't. DesBrisay, are marching on and give good promise for future warfare.

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We deeply regret that Cadet Florence Kinton has had to return home owing to ill-health. The short time she was in the Garrison, she dedicated herself to all in her spiritual life. She has left us, but we shall not forget her, our prayers will follow her. Dearily as she would have loved to have stood at the battle's front and "fought a good fight," she is beautifully resigned, and we believe, even as a soldier, her life will be an inspiration and her influence far-reaching.

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The next Taronto Training Sessions for the men commence Feb. 2nd, 1901.

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Good news has come from our Garrison leaders of Newfoundland, the Eastern and Western Provinces, respecting the progress of the future officers.—Carrie Stanton, Training Secretary.

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He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will certainly become worse, for vice, virtue, and time are three things that never stand still.—Lacson.

It does not seem unwarranted or presumptuous to say, that in man the immeasurable intelligence transcends immeasurably the organism, so in Nature itself, the Immeasurable Intelligence, ever looking out upon us, giving us deeper insight into the meaning of the past ages, nations, temperaments, conditions; has not only been the highest pattern of virtue but the highest incentive to its practice.—Leeky.

SOUTH AFRICA.

SOME BAD FEATURES OF THE WAR.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT CAPE TOWN.

Territorial Headquarters,
Cape Town,
October 24th, 1899.

The other night I was an eye-witness of a pathetic scene, which I would like to contrast with this week's letter, with the view of showing how unfortunate is our position just now, consequent upon the stern realities and necessities of war.

The Reserves in the Colony had just been called out, and the Cape Town and district section assembled at the railway station on Saturday night, on the way to the front. Among the company was a young comrade who, since his discharge from the Royal Rifles, had closely identified himself with the Cape Town Corps, and had been a diligent and much-respected local Officer. With those who assembled at the station to bid him good-bye was one of our female Rescue officers, whose father is the commander of a section of the Free State Boers, now said to be threatening the very district to which this young Salvation Soldier has compulsorily been sent; and there is a possibility that a bullet from his rifle may find a lodging-place in the body of this very commander to whom we have referred, and who, at the length, "in great sympathy with the Salvation Army, and a year or two ago willingly gave up his daughter for service in its ranks."

But I may mention

An Even Worse Feature

of the present struggle as it affects our own comrades. Among those commanded for the front by the Transvaal and Orange Free State Governments are a number of our South African Dutch soldiery, in addition to not a few of the fathers and brothers of our Field Officers. Facing these combatants on the Boer side are quite a number of our own comrades, including a strong contingent of the Naval and Military League, who, in charge of their duty as soldiers, and sailors, and volunteers of the Queen are compulsorily fighting for British supremacy.

Such are the evils of war. Truly these comrades of ours, both Boer and British, deserve our warmest sympathy and most earnest prayers. Let it be understood, however, that throughout the South African Territory, all non-combatants associated with the Salvation Army, whether as officers, soldiers, or friends, belonging to the two great communities, Dutch and British, are

Working In Perfect Harmony

under the dear old flag for the one great salvation cause, and there is little, if any, display of that bitter racial feeling so strongly manifested just now outside our own ranks.

The Southern Province is undoubtedly receiving much benefit from the presence of so many of our Northern comrades in Cape Colony just now, and splendid meetings are being held in the Metropolis and the principal centres in the Eastern Division, such as Port Elizabeth, East London, etc. The establishment of a special Bureau for the Transvaal and Orange Free State refugee soldiers has certainly proved to be a step in the right direction, and we are now well in touch with the majority of our Northern comrades, whose position is by no means enviable, many of them being practically homeless, and some, we fear, beginning to feel the pinch of poverty. The Commissioner may be relied upon to do his utmost for these comrades, and, as a member of the General Executive Committee of the Mayor's Relief Fund, a most influential body now actively engaged in alleviating distress, our leader may be relied upon to champion the best interests of those of his troops who now deserve, and will I feel sure, receive, the deep commiseration of every British comrade.

A Call for Women

to tend the wounded having been made along the Natal border, some of our officers have volunteered, and it is hoped that before this reaches the British War Cry, the Salvation Army will be well represented at the battle's front, succouring the wounded—both Boer and British—and performing those spiritual duties which are the pride and pleasure

of every devoted warrior of the Cross under every circumstance.

Hitherto extraordinary restrictions have stood in our way, and unexpected difficulties have arisen in the Transvaal and in the Orange Free State in our efforts to get well to the front. Previous to the declaration of war an understanding was arrived at with the Transvaal authorities for the stay of Major and Mrs. Smith (the Northern P. O.'s) and their wife, Miss (now Mrs.) Pretorius during hostilities, and it was hoped that ultimately an opportunity would be afforded the Salvation Army or being well represented among the Dutch forces by some of our Afrikaner F. O.'s.

At the last moment, however, the authorities deemed it necessary to refuse permits to all British subjects, including Salvation Army officers and ministers of every denomination. True, there are one or two other Afrikaner comrades still remaining on the Rand and in the Orange Free State, notably Adjutant Ferreira, the

Big, Burly Salvation Boer

who was one of the principal figures in the 1896 exhibition in London, and his son also now Adjutant, and until recently in charge of the pioneer work in the Orange Free State, who are, it is understood, commandered to the front; but, as faithful Salvation Army officers that may be depended upon to do their utmost for the cause of Christ under the peculiar circumstance in which they have been suddenly placed.

Up to the time of writing no news has been received from our officers now isolated at Kimberley, and although their present delicate position gives us cause for some anxiety, yet we have confidence in the Great God of our salvation, and are gratified that they are not only safe under His care and keeping, but are still doing all they can and laugher, in dealing with the men and women around them upon the vital matter of their souls' eternal interests.

I am sending you an interesting little article dealing with the subject of war, from the pen of Capt. Quartermaster, one of the English twenty, who came out to Africa nearly three years ago, and who has recently arrived in Cape Town with Lt. Col. Ethel Stevens, from Mafeking, having been severely threatened by the Boers.

It is not the fault of these lasses that they are not still in Mafeking. They were anxious to remain, but the authorities insisted upon their hasty departure.

G. Stevens.

Fredericton District RECONNOITERINGS

By ADJT. MCGILLIVRAY.

The Commissioner's visit has been a glorious success, and at each place a mark was made for God and our Army Soldiers, friends, and public charmed and delighted with our leader's burning words.

We are now pushing the S.-D. to glorious victory. We have already heard of good Capt. Goodwin, of Calais, Me., sent in her target \$10,000 four days before the Senior effort closed, and did most all the collecting without his Lieutenant, who was called home on account of the illness of her father. The Captain is full of praise for the way the soldiers took hold of the effort. Well done, Calais.

St. Stephen can always do a good thing when they say so, and in the S.-D. effort they seemed to have all said, "It shall be done." Capt. Laws and Lt. Winchester have full faith for a grand victory.

Loulou, Mo., Captain Pittman and Lt. Vienot are at the helm somewhat equal to their S.-D. efforts. On account of many delay for the winter the work is somewhat still, but the meetings are fairly well attended and a few wanderers have returned. For this we praise God and take courage.



Capt. Goodwin, of Calais, Me.

Woodstock has also had a visit from our beloved Commissioner, and prospects are good for our S.-D. triumph. A few souls of late, Ensign and Mrs. Knight are rejoicing over the arrival of a bounding baby girl-eatet. Mother and baby doing well. Miss Freida is an earnest Young Soldier boomer. Our Army is rising.

North Head. Capt. Armstrong and Lieut. Tatres are pushing the war here in "Patmos." They have difficulties, but God will carry them through, while they keep a strong arm things should go ahead.

Fredericton. We are striving hard to prove the old adage, "What man has done, man can do." Our S.-D. was put through very short-handed from other reasons. I will ask my kind friends to watch the "special mention column," and you will see what has been done. Mrs. McGillivray and Sergeant Gregory have surprised all previous collectors for special efforts in the business part of this city. They have every good thing to say of the business men of the city. Kindness and courtesy on every hand, and very, very few exceptions. They have worked hard and feel tired, but smiling over their grand victory. They visited the "Alley" and were kindly received. We are holding open-airis there and have had invitations back again.

MEMORIAM.

I have, in closing, to report a sore bereavement which has befallen one of our most faithful soldier's family. Convert Sgt.-Major R. Logan and wife have had to say again, in the parting with another son, and a promising young man, "They will be done." Sickness overtook him very suddenly and an operation was deemed necessary, after which he took another ailment, which took his strength rapidly from him and he passed away.

The funeral was very large. The band and corps marched to the grave. An impressive service was held at the memorial service the two brothers, George and Renforth, returned to the fold; also the latter's young wife knelt by his side. This was a touching scene. The father and the Corps Sgt.-Major Herbert Logan, spoke very feelingly of Newton's death. He sought and found pardon at the cross of the world's Redeemer. Our deepest sympathy and prayers go out to the bereaved.

DRAWING NEAR.

Nearer, yes, we felt it not.
Mid the rushing and the strife,
As we mourned our changeful lot,
Toiled beneath out shadowed lot,
By each step our worn foot trod,
We were drawing nearer God.

In those days of bitter woe,
When we saw their smile no more,
When our hearts were bleeding slow,
Stricken, stricken, oh, low slow!
While we lay beneath the rod
We were nearer to our God.

When upon our lifted eye,
Glimmed a vision of our Home,
When we saw the glory high,
Flooding all that spotless home;
That love of raptured sight,
Pressed we nearer our delight.

Through the long and vanished years,
Doubting, struggling, and depressed,
Shrouded with their mist of tears,
We were pressing to our rest.
Temptation-tormented and current-driven,
Ever drawing nearer heaven.

Anniversary of "Liberty Home," Spokane.

Brigadier Mrs. Read's Visit.

Spokane has had a visit from the Woman's Social Secretary. The Woman's Social Work has received a fresh impetus, officers' hearts have been gladdened, soldiers have been inspired, Christians blessed, and sinners saved.

Thursday night was a welcome meeting to the Brigadier, when a fine crowd turned out to hear him speak. Welcome speeches were made by some of the young officers. Capt. Bishop, Lieut. of the Provincial Staff; Adj't. Langtry, for the Corps; Mrs. Staff-Capt. Gage, for the women officers, and Mrs. Adj't. Alward, for the Men's Social Work (while the Adjutant kept the baby in good humor). Staff-Capt. Gage made the final address of welcome to the Brigadier on behalf of the whole Province. Mrs. Read replied in her usual eloquent manner and was glad to tell every soul who was helping her in her Department.

Friday was announced as the Social meeting of the series, which was held in the Vincent Methodist Church, and presided over by ex-Mayor Dr. Olmsted. It was a very wet, mighty night, but the Blood-and-Fire corps of Spokane turned out for a grand march and open-air, arriving at the church at 8 o'clock, where a fine crowd had assembled. Staff-Capt. Gage lined out the first song from those sweet-sounding books that Mrs. Read had written, a prayer was offered, after which Dr. Olmsted said how pleased he was to be present to introduce the Brigadier. The Brigadier took off his cap, expressed she was once more to have the privilege of visiting Spokane, and kept us interested for over an hour telling of the need of the Woman's work, and the glorious victories gained, until tears flowed freely. Then Mother Langtry, in her warm-hearted manner, told of the glorious opportunity the work offered, until there was hardly a dry eye in the room. At this time Dr. Olmsted got up and could not help saying again how glad he was to be present, and that all would give liberally in the collection, which promised a cheque next day, and said he would give all the cash he had, and walk home instead of taking the car. Everybody went away feeling glad that they had come to this (so far) the most blessed meeting of the series.

Saturday night, after a fine open-air in the mud, ankle deep, in which the Spokane soldiers seemed to delight, another blessed meeting was held in the barracks, at the close of which one poor fellow got out to the penitent form, but instead of kneeling down, stretched himself out all four on it, evidently feeling the need of a bed for the night. The poor fellow did not understand. However, another one came out for salvation.

Sunday it was still wet and muddy, but a nice crowd turned out for knee-drill, and a fine crowd for the holiness meeting, where Mrs. Read took the text, "Render unto Caesar's," etc., and spoke with telling effect. But none would yield, although Staff-Capt. Gage earnestly urged them to do so.

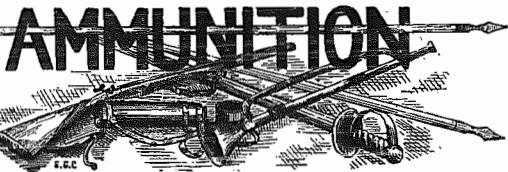
In the afternoon the League of Mercy was commissioned, which consisted of Adj't. and Mrs. Dodd, Adj't. and Mrs. Alward, Ensigns Moss and Blous, and Capt. Thoen, with Mrs. Moss in charge. Mrs. Read then spoke of the work of the League, the crowd being greatly interested.

Night was the crowning time, the Brigadier speaking from the 1st Psalm, handling her subject well, the crowd listened seemingly all taken up with her words, and when we went into the prayer meeting there was hardly a vacant seat, notwithstanding many leaving. It was a hard fight; at last one gave in yielded, followed by three others, and by the time the last got liberty it was a few moments to twelve. No wonder Mrs. Read said she felt loth to leave Spokane. Come agin, Brigadier.—"Our who was there."

Do You SING or Play an INSTRUMENT?

Then you will find "THE PAST," a very fine piece of Music by MISS BOOTH, and beautiful words for singing, in the

Christmas War Cry.



Weekly Watchword:

→ Knowledge.

"Unite meekness with wisdom. Wisdom is mighty, meekness is mighty, but the 'meekness of wisdom' is almighty."

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

Knowledge, the Gift of God.—Eccel. ii. 26.

Wisdom is first and last the endowment of God. While man may apply his mind to the study of the mysteries of the Highest, the actual revelation must ever and always come from above. Heavenly wisdom is a gift that God is anxious to bestow upon all His children. Ignorance is no excuse in His eyes when knowledge was attainable.

♦ ♦ ♦

MONDAY.

The Value of Knowledge.—Prov. i. 4-7.

Knowledge is only despised by fools. The power which understanding lends is not to be held lightly by the soldier of the Cross. The skill with which he wields his heavenly weapon and the success which he achieves will be largely in proportion to the wisdom which controls his actions. Foolish heads make weak fighters.

♦ ♦ ♦

TUESDAY.

Knowledge Sought.—II. Peter i. 5.

No learning of value is received by the lazy soul. If the mind is to be enlightened by the radiance of heavenly knowledge the mind must concentrate itself upon the things of God. If the heart is to be made quick and sensitive by that spiritual understanding which is the sign of a spirit in union with the Cross, the heart must be continually communing with the source of all Wisdom and Grace.

♦ ♦ ♦

WEDNESDAY.

The Responsibility of Knowledge.—Jas. iv. 17.

The possession of this wonderful gift brings down upon the head a degree of heavy responsibility. To know the will of God should always be to do it. To those whom God has enlightened will He look to see the fulfilment of His purposes in their lives and service for the salvation of the world.

♦ ♦ ♦

THURSDAY.

The Abuse of Knowledge.—Rom. i. 21-22.

Knowledge abused turns any soul's great blessing into that soul's greatest curse. To possess the knowledge which shows the way to heaven, and yet to so disregard it as to take the downward track is a sin which brings heavy consequences and eternal in the light of eternity.

♦ ♦ ♦

FRIDAY.

A Want of Knowledge.—Hoses iv. 6.

Lack of wisdom gives the key to a great many of the failures in the Kingdom of God to-day. Men get into spiritual difficulties and terrible mistakes in the diamond of their life service because they do not know, when God has given them every opportunity to acquaint themselves with the instruction necessary to make the road to the skies a safe and successful one.

♦ ♦ ♦

SATURDAY.

The Imperfection of Human Knowledge.—I. Cor. i. 10.

Worldly wisdom is of no count in the Kingdom of God. It cannot lend distinction in questions between right and

wrong, it cannot teach the conscience the essentials of Christianity, it cannot assist the soul to the knowledge of its Creator. The child of God should seek the quickening of the Holy Ghost upon his intellect, which will make him wise in things essential and eternal.



THE HEAVENLY CITY.

Rev. xxi. 1-16.

While we would discourage the sentimental dreamer who loses his sense of present-day responsibility in the anticipation of coming reward, we cannot gainsay the fact that a definite belief in an eternal Land of Promise is one of the most potent sources of courage, fortitude and joy which are vouchsafed to the child of God.

How many toll-worn feet have pressed on, encouraged by the promise of the rest which remains to the people of God. How many grief-clouded eyes have seen a radiance through their mist of sorrow shining from the land where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes"? How many frames racked by the sufferer's anguish have found new strength to endure in the hope of that home where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain"? How many homeless hearts, for Christ's sake separated from country and kindred, have had their loss made up to them in the thought of heavenly gain laid up in the mansions in the skies, to which they could read a title clear and where partitions are unknown? How many soldiers of the Cross, facing tremendous odds of prejudice and sin, have felt new nerve to their fighting arm at the reminder of the realm of everlasting victory, where oceans won in strife are worn in glory.

But the heir of heaven should do something more than rejoice over the fact of the birthright which salvation has given him. He should prepare himself for his eternal citizenship. He will not wait to feel out of place in his celestial environment, therefore he should cultivate those gifts and graces which enrich him when the abilities of this world are at an end. What a long way off even the most worldly Christian is in the attainment of that wondrous possession, a heavenly mind, which enables him to see the spiritual before the earthly, and to weigh all temporal importances in the light of eternity.

Then while duly valuing the things of the present in the influence which all have more or less upon the things of the future, we should learn to always give the precedence in our considerations to those things which have definitely to do with the life beyond. Above all, let us see to it that we are no strangers to the power, peace, and fellowship of His Presence; for His presence makes our Paradise here, and there.

"Oh, what are all my sufferings here, If Thou, Lord, count me meet With the enraptured host to appear, And worship at Thy feet? Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends away, I come to find them all again, In that Eternal Day."

Three-and-a-Half Years a Bandsman.

FOR BANDSMEN ESPECIALLY.

It was a beautiful summer's evening when, accompanied by my eldest brother, I strolled down to the open-air stand where the soldiers and bandsmen had gathered for the open-air meeting. It was very seldom that I was not found at the open-air on a Sunday evening. On this particular Sunday evening as I approached the open-air stand the band was playing. Although I had heard it many times before, it seemed that I had never heard it play so beautifully and with such feeling as they did that night. Oh, how it took hold of me, and as I looked around everything seemed so beautiful and bright, and as I listened to the music an intense desire took hold of me to be good and to live to please God. I stood and listened. God spoke to my heart and showed me my position as never before.

Keep Your Instruments Clean.

One thing in particular drew my attention, and that was one of the bandsman's instrument, which was nicely polished, and listening to it, I felt that it was being played by a bandsman to think of him beyond this life. A greater desire than ever came over me to be useful for God. I followed down to the barracks and took my seat near the centre of the building. The meeting went on, the word of God was read, the prayer meeting started, earnest invitations were given, warnings sent out to flee from the wrath which is to come. There I sat, God's Spirit dealing with me, Satan using every means possible to hold me back, an awful battle was being fought. I was counting the cost, the struggle was to be ended in a very few minutes, as the last invitation was being given. That struggle came to an end. I resolved to forsake all for God. Then step after lots of effort, but God had led me there and then. I rose to my feet, and when I had taken the first step He gave peace to my soul and made go and sin no more.

The desire to live good and to be useful increased, and I sought to know the way in which God wanted me to go. I prayed, and God revealed the way, and that was by the Salvation Army. I was enrolled as a soldier and shortly after was given an instrument by the bandmaster, and in the course of time was commissioned as a bandsman. I felt it was my place and tried to make the most of it, always striving how to make the best of my calling and opportunities, never forgetting how God had used the hand and its music to bring me to Him. Many times the devil tempted me to think more of my instrument than the purpose for which I was playing, but at such times I looked away to Jesus, asking Him to help me play for His honor and glory.

I went on for two and a half years as a bandsman, when God honored me with the position of Band-Sergeant. Oh, how I felt my weakness, but I trusted in God, and He helped me by His never-failing grace to conquer every fear to fight every battle, for there were many battles to fight, foes to conquer, and difficulties to face, but through them all He strengthened me. Praise be to His name!

I wanted to be useful for God only, and I believe He made me so, and when I felt the call of God to leave my loved ones, friends, and bandsmen, whom I truly loved, and enter the Field, it meant a keen separation, but the greatest joy of my life was, as I shook their hands, I was able to look them in the face and feel that I had been faithful and done my duty as a bandsman.

Many times since then, when fighting against sin, I have thought of myself as a bandsman and thought of the blessed opportunities presented to bandsmen. I have found myself saying, if I had those privileges again, how much more I would make of them, and how much more faithful I would be.

I have to thank God for the band and music, which was the means of bringing me to Him. I would say to every bandsman, be faithful though you may see unfaithfulness in others; do your duty, for you will be tempted many times to shirk it; and as God used the band of music to make me blink, He will also use you, through your music, to bring sinners to the Cross, if played in the Spirit.—H. C. H.

OUR WAR CRY

XMAS REUNION

will contain a group of photos and messages from former Garrison officers now in various parts of the world, among them Commissioner Compton, Commissioner Rees, Commandant and Mrs. H. H. Booth, Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams, Colonel Bailey, Brigadiers Scott, McEntyre, Addie, Marshall, Moss, Compton, and Bennett; Majors Bangs, Coxon, Cox, Ludgate, Spooner, and Woods; Staff-Capt. Andrews, Leonard, McMillan, Miles, and Plant.

Door-Keeping and Collections.

I'd rather be a door-keeper in the house of God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness, or I would rather be a door-keeper in the Salvation Army, with God's favor, than to have all the honors and riches of the world, without God and the love of God.

A good door-keeper, it seems to me, ought to have a good spiritual experience. He can accomplish more by kindness and gentleness, tempered with firmness, than by harshness and hardness. Though it is possible to make mistakes when dealing with people, yet, praise God, if we lack wisdom and judgment, He will supply us such, if we seek diligently.

And a good door-keeper is an important factor in the success of a meeting, by using all the wisdom he has to keep order, discipline, etc., and a door-keeper can be a great influence in dealing with sinners in particular. But, on the other hand, if faithful to duty, he is apt to be misunderstood and criticized. So it requires, to my mind, more grace and patience at the door than on the platform. So a door-keeper needs your prayers and sympathy as he stands at the door of God's house.

With regard to collections at the door, a great misconception seems to be prevalent among many people. They don't seem to realize the need we are always in to keep the corps free from debt, and at times exhibit a very uncharitable spirit towards us. They seem to think that they know better how to finance the corps than the officers or treasurer, and say it's all right with us, but they might as well say "salvation is free," for we don't have to pay to get into heaven, and "Jesus paid it all," and "salvation is without money and without price." Praise God, salvation is free, and when it converts a soul, it converts the pocket as well. If a man or woman shuts up their bowels of compassion, how does it affect the love of God in them? I think it nothing but reasonable that people who frequent our barracks should be willing to assist us financially.

I have met with people at the door who deliberately have said that they were not going to give, although they had lots of money with them. These are the people who are doing lots of damage to the corps, turning people away, even turning them away from their own meanness. Well, truly I do not believe these people deserve to have all the privileges that others have to pay for. It is quite different with people really have not the means, and would give if they had. The S. A. hires or pays for barracks, besides the expense of light, fuel, water, insurance, and other things too numerous to mention. We work for the good of the community, and to make it possible for every soul who seeks God with all their heart to get saved, and delivered from sin, and misery. Now, to do this successfully it requires the co-operation of officers, soldiers, recruits, volunteers, and sinners that come to our meetings.

May the Lord bless these few words, written without much preparation, by the help of God, to some hearts in love and sympathy for all mankind.—Treas. Cashin, Halifaz, I.

Consider that good and evil are now before you; that, if you do not heartily choose and love the one, you must undoubtedly be the wretched victim of the other.—Chapone.

MUSIC, Color, Pictures, Poetry, Stories, Anecdotes, Articles, Songs, Christmas Messages, Smiles and Tears—all in the Xmas War Cry—Ten Cents per Copy.

Have you ordered your copy
of the
XMAS WAR CRY?

Order at Once—Price, 10 Cents.

Montana State Rescue Home Successfully Opened.

Women's Social Secretary Invited to Address
the Ministerial Association—Unanimous
Endorsement of the Work.

The announcement that Mrs. Brigadier Read would visit Butte to open a Rescue Home was received by the soldiers and friends with pleasure and expectation for a blessed time. We did all we possibly could to make the Brigadier's visit a success, and we were not disappointed. We expected the Brigadier on Saturday morning, but the train was a little late, and with the train arrived our very welcome visitor. On Saturday night the hall was packed with an appreciative audience, and Mrs. Read was given a round of welcome. The ladies and trades spoke and Bro. French soloed the popular songs. "Jesus knows all about your struggles." Mrs. Read's Rescue Song Books sold like hot cakes, and everybody joined heartily in the chorus. The collection was good, and then the Brigadier read to us from Father's book. Mrs. Read spoke in her usual earnest and impressive manner; her words were full of force and power and made every soul in the hall feel that there was joy like the joy of knowing sins forgiven.

The kind of work was a grand start for the day's fight.

The jail meeting at 10 a.m., led by the Brigadier, was a rich treat. How the dear prisoners listened with rapt attention, and drank in every word, and promised to read the Testaments that the Brigadier brought for them.

The Juniors then came in turn for a short address from the Brigadier.

Jesus or Caesar.

In the holiness meeting how our hearts were melted by the touching way in which Mrs. Read pictured Jesus and Caesar, and as one heart we promised to more than ever go forward to live out the beautiful example of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

The afternoon meeting was in the Auditorium where a very nice crowd attended the meeting. The Flag of Honor was raised to view, and the League of Mercy commissioned to go forward and carry out the work described. At night the auditorium was packed, and eternity alone must reveal the work done.

Mrs. Read was invited to address the meeting of the Ministerial Association on Monday morning. She outlined the work to be taken up by the Rescue Department, and made an appeal to the ministers to help support by their influence and work.

A lively and interesting discussion followed and a unanimous endorsement of the work was passed by the Association.

Many spoke in the highest approval of the work, and promised their hearty co-operation and practical assistance.

The great Social Meeting was held in the Auditorium on Monday evening, when most of the Ministers of the city were on the platform. The chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Albritton, D.D. The text of Mrs. Read's address was "The Days of Great Grace," which was duly delivered and much appreciated. Some of the ministers spoke. Ensign Kerr was cordially welcomed as the Mateon of the Home.

Thus ended the special campaign. We pray God's richest blessing on the Brigadier, and hope for a speedy return—John S. Gale, Adj't.

"Around the Xmas Camp Fire."

Comprising five fascinating tales of a jolly group of A.A. officers, written by Brigadier Wm. H. Cox, formerly Editor of our New York War Cry, will begin

in the

XMAS WAR CRY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

BY REV. W. R. ROACH.

The life is all wrong that is not lived after this fashion. That is a selfish, sinful, miserable, unhappy life until conversion to Christ takes place. The whole man then is changed. He has new tastes, feelings, desires, aims, ambitions and purposes. The current of his whole life is changed, because he has a new heart, and with it a new nature, conversion, the new birth. Whether it can may have the physical strength of a Samson, the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the wealth of a Croesus, and the possessions of an Alexander, and his life may be worse than a failure, so far as the future life is concerned. What would the lives of Wesley, and Clarke, and Brunwell, and Caughey, and Punshon, and Spurgeons have been, but for their conversion? A failure? What would have been the lives of Mary Fletcher and Florence Nightingale, and Grace Murray, and Fruaels Whirlow, and Fruaels Ridley Havergal, and Catherine Booth, if not their conversion? Nothing worth speaking of.

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V.—THE FIFTH LESSON that we learn from the story of the life of this illustrious woman is, that entire salvation, entire holiness of heart lead to a foremost place in her life and ministry. Soon after her conversion the chief and prevailing cry of her soul was for a clean heart, perfect love, the destruction of all sin and inbred corruption, and the incoming and indwelling of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. For this great blessing she prayed, wrestled, fasted, wept, believed, and rejoiced in its possession. She dwelt in God and God in her. She lived a life of complete consecration to Christ, and but few moments of time did she spend in a state of perfect love than Catherine Booth, and the members of the churches of all denominations would be more perfect, happy, and useful to-day than they are if they imbibed more of the Spirit of Christ and walked before God in holiness of heart and life; and the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army, and the members, and teachers, and ministers and missionaries of every creed and church would augment their happiness and increase their usefulness thirty, sixty, maybe hundred-fold if they would seek frequent baptism, daily and Sunday morning uniting from on high. Mrs. Booth's usefulness was the legitimate outcome of purity of heart and Christian perfection as taught by the prophets, by Christ, by the Apostles, and by John Wesley, Fletcher, Bradburn, Brunwell, Carrosson, and other early Methodists. We do not hear now-a-days so much about holiness as we did some years ago. To a great extent the pulpit is silent, the platform is silent, the desk is silent, the pulpit is silent, members, teachers, leaders, and ministers are tongue-tied, dumb, and speechless on the vital question—holiness; and yet without it we cannot get to heaven, for without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and there must be a revival of the doctrine of holiness and of experimental religion before the church of Christ will march onward with renewed strength in conquering, converting, and saving the world for Christ. We want a thousand—nay, ten thousand—hands of holy men who have washed their hearts in the bath touched, to go forth not only to preach holiness, but to live it, and we should soon see the blessed effect of it and feel it too, in our innocent souls, and should see it in the multiplied conversions on every hand, and there would be much less poverty, wretchedness, drunkenness, immorality, and sin in every form, and we should have the days of heaven upon earth. Do you ask what holiness is? It is the sinful heart cleansed from the filthiness of the flesh of the body, and filled with the Holy Ghost. Dr. Daniel Livingstone once asked a heathen what he understood by the word holiness. He answered, "When copious showers have descended during the night and all the earth, and leaves and cattle are washed clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh. That is holiness." Is not this a very good definition of holiness? The heart, the whole man washed clean, was the key-note of Mrs. Booth's life and ministry. She taught and enforced it as the Bible doctrine. There went forth from her an uncontested sound on this vital question. She preached it with a point and a power, and a clearness, and a force that none could gainsay nor resist.

(To be continued.)

Heredity is that biological law by which all beings endowed with life tend to repeat themselves in their descendants. It is for the species what personal identity is for the individual. By it a ground-work remains unchanged amid incessant variation; by it Nature ever couples and unites herself.—Rober.

The Inheritance may be said to be the counterpart in the field of manly of the Godhead in the field of thought. Through the Godhead we conceive man as so existing and conditioned that the Inheritance is possible; through the Inheritance we conceive an historical Person as placed that He realizes the affinities of God and man, and so constituted that He brings them into organic relations.—Dr. Fairbairn.

From Cape Breton to St John and Back.

A Pleasant Journey—St. John's Council—The Commissioner Is Eloquent and a Successful Fisher — Temperance Champion en Route — Pushing On.

By ADJT. MAGEE.

Having received orders to come to St. John's councils, I took the train at North Sydney, 7 a.m., and spent a very pleasant day with the Cape Breton and other officers which came on board along the route. At New Glasgow we met that wide-awake comrade, the notorious Cameron, and at Truro Treas. Stewart gave us a free lunch. God bless these comedians! Here and there along the way some soldiers would board the train to shake hands with old comrades, and altogether a most enjoyable day was spent.

I arrived at St. John at 1:30 a.m. Tuesday, thus missing the reception meeting on Monday.

My billet being situated some three miles from the station, Capt. Doyle took pity on me and piloted me to No. III. Garrison. After a lot of shouting and noise the Captain got me inside, out to find every bed full. Others, who had found themselves homeless, had taken refuge under Capt. McElroy's wing. The Capt. had gallantly given up his room to the strangers and was sleeping on the floor with his head on a chair. A lounge was better than nothing, so down I went, boots and all. After several hours' of sleep, a good breakfast, away we go to council.

Instruction Councils

Staff-Capt. Rawling took hold until Major appeared. The councils were very interesting and instructive. To those who, like me, had not time to read many books, they were quite a treat. The Commissioner was enthusiastically welcomed. The Major was also welcomed. The Major is also commander in chief, the Chief of the Staff. Mr. Brunwell, as second in command of the Army; of Mrs. Brunwell Booth, as leader of our glorious Rescue branch; and of our own brave Commissioner. The public meeting in the Mechanics' Institute was glorious. The scenery on the platform was beautiful. The flowers were exquisite. The children sang well. The Commissioner was eloquent. The crowd was very respectful and attentive to the General's daughter and all went mad as at marriage hell. Major Pickering had already fully reported this meeting. When the Commissioner took her seat Major Pickering took hold. It was a tough pull. The Major sang and sang. At last the Commissioner rose again. Thinks went helter-skelter. Then the Commissioner went fishing herself and succeeded in bringing in a number of captive.

Coddy Division by the Way.

I took the train again at 1 a.m. for Cape Breton, called off at Moncton to the General's Garage Agency, the I. C. R. Mr. Legrow is a very busy man, but I had a very nice little talk with him about my work at Cape Breton, and he promised to do what he could to help me. Having a few minutes to spare I went up town, and in one of the windows saw a large poster announcing an Anti-Scott Act meeting at the Opera House that night at 8 p.m. At the bottom of the poster in bold letters it threw down a challenge to the Temperance people to come on the platform, occupy one-half of the time and discuss the question. A little further on I met a Scott Act Inspector from Woodstock, N. B., and asked him if anybody was preparing to meet this man. He said he did not think so. There was no meeting in the barracks; so at 8 p.m. I went down to the Opera House. It was well filled with all classes of men. Presently at the time the brewers' giant stood to the front and again threw down the gauntlet to the Christian Temperance workers of Nova Scotia. Those that were present, I felt something who hold of me and I got up and said I would accept the challenge. I went on to the stage and took off my coat. He had the first half hour, I had the next. The people cheered. I don't think Mr. Brewer will want another Salvationist for a day or two. It was the first of a series of such meetings he was having throughout the Provinces; it would doubtless get into the press, and be an encouragement to others, and help to cripple him, all at once.

I caught another train at 3 a.m. and got home all right.

"Jack, Come wid Me!"
A PATHETIC STORY, BY MISS
BOOTH, WILL BE IN THE
CHRISTMAS CRY.



Obey Your God.

The first qualification of a Christian is obedience. All disobedience is sin. Obedience must be our guide from earth to heaven. Only perfect obedience to God's commands brings power and happiness. Only obedience makes a man useful. A clever, brilliant, shrewd, able man, if disobedient, becomes unreliable, and, therefore, his usefulness is destroyed. God told the prophet—he is called only "man of God," as it were, out of mercy his name was not given—to deliver his message to Jeroboam and then depart. The prophet refused the invitation of the King to stay, but believed the lying prophet, and stayed with him. The prophet spoke of an angel having appeared unto him, to invite the "man of God" to stay with him. What business had he to believe a second-hand message from God? If God had directly given him orders not to stay, only a direct counter-order from Heaven should have value. Learn to discern the true from the seeming, and, above all things, keep your conscience clear. It was a wise direction of God that the prophet should not stay to associate with the sinful city. God wants you to warn the sinner, but have no part in his society. Let the disobedient prophet be your solemn warning; deliver your message seek the sinner to tell him of a Saviour, but induce him to come your way—don't compromise by going partly in his way in the vain hope to induce him to come back over the doubtful ground you have walked together. No compromise with the devil!

Caught on the Fly.

The Commissioner is preparing for a big meeting in the Massey Hall in January.

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Colonel Jacobs has returned smiling and bright from Aurora, where he has conducted a special week-end. He reports a pleasant and blessed time.

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Lieut.-Colonel Margot has returned from a very successful trip through the N.W. and Pacific Provinces. He reports very favorable on the West. He will do another trip through West Ontario before Christmas.

—//—

Brigadier Gaskin has just opened a very nice and comfortable hall, corner Phoenix and Huron Sts. A detailed report will be found in another column.

—//—

Whatever you do, don't miss buying a Christmas War Cry. You will enjoy reading it, we assure you.

—//—

Brigadier Compagnie has promised a contribution. "Wanted, a Boy." We hope to be able to print it in our Xmas issue, if it arrives in time. Many of our readers will be pleased to note the above announcement.

—//—

Major Southall is preparing to give a free Christmas dinner to 1,000 poor in Winnipeg. He has large pail-containing boxes—on principal street corners, and stockings in store, etc., to collect contributions for it. Success to you, Major.

Goodness is everywhere, and is everywhere to be found, if we will only look for it.—P. Desjardins.

The General in France.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE GENERAL'S JOURNAL.)

Saturday, Nov. 18th.

7.0.—Here is Paris. Bundle up the papers; out with the candles, which my Adjutant has ingeniously fixed up on the food-basket; make yourself tidy, there is no knowing who may greet you on the platform, and on with the over coat. Now the train pulls up, and there is Commissioner Hellberg, looking uncommonly well. We are hustled into a cab, and along the streets helter-skelter we drive.

Among the best and most furious drivers in the world are the Parisian cabbies—so furious that I never alight from one of their vehicles without thankfulness that I have not been smashed—and good whip they need be to get us through at all as such a pace.

Here is my cablet, and here is my godmother Lucy, giving me the heartiest of welcomes. A little communion—not much, for there are the prospects of the campaign to talk over, some wonderful conversions to describe, and the latest news from the distant corners of the earth to relate. A basin of soup is a necessity, seeing there has been nothing but a sandwich and a cup of tea since 8 a.m.

Our Parlans.

5.30 p.m.—The soldiers' meeting in our hall in Rue Aubé, holding six hundred people, is crowded. The meeting is very hearty, and we are soon singing, "Send the Fire!" There was the inevitable collection, and then my address, which, beginning in the most friendly manner, went on to some straight denouncing about conversion, holy living, fighting for souls, and the like. The French, like all the Continents, are excellent listeners. In this, however, I had every eye and ear on this occasion. We followed with the Mercy Seat, and a hotted meringue is not often my privilege to see. With broken hearts men and women came streaming out from every part of the building. Some were soldiers wanting a clean heart, but the bulk were seeking conversion or restoration from backsliding.

As the night wore on, the change in the spiritual atmosphere of the assembly was very noticeable. We began "very proper." The band—comprised of a cornet, two or three violins, two mandolins, a harp and a piano, an excellently played, when joined by a singing falsetto, and, for me, the audience, discussed beautiful music. Still, the feeling was rather stiff, but the counting up of the penitent form results, the introduction of a drum, a plentiful clapping of hands, and, above all, the rousing up of everybody to work and sing, to pray, to believe for themselves, soon made things altogether different. We finished up at 11 o'clock, the hall still nearly full, with forty-six at the penitent form, and a big, strong hope for to-morrow.

Our Position in Paris.

Sunday, 19th.

Things have certainly changed very much for the better in Paris since my last visit fifteen months ago. The Slim and Rescue Work has been revived and increased. The Shelter set going on that occasion has proved a great success. Three corps have been opened, while arrangements have been made for opening two more. Two Medical Stations, conducted by Salvationist officers, with Charity Bureaus attached, and the removal to the city of Miss Peary's Orphanage of several children—all taken together, will greatly strengthen and add to the influence of our position in Paris. There are, or will be by the time these operations are in force, quite a hundred officers at work in the city alone. God speed them all!

Afternoon.

Brigadier Rousell, who has just come to convey me to the meeting, informs me that this is a great Festival Day in the city. A large monument, in celebration of the triumph of the Republic, is being unveiled by the President in the presence of a great multitude, while ten thousand invitations are out for a grand ball tonight. Sunday is, indeed, a day of pleasure here.

Bishop, Priest, etc.

The Agricultural Hall, a beautiful building, seating 750 people, is off a

Church. Altogether, we were a little mixed.

On taking my first glance at my and ience, I remarked to my daughter, "Not much like the penitent form?" "Not at present," was the reply. When I sat down appearances had changed. The Mercy Seat had, so to speak, not only been explained, but, in a measure, popularized. Still, it seemed a dark problem whether we should have a soul convicted enough, or bold enough, to come out before the crowd, and acknowledge the need of salvation.

We prayed—we believed—we waited, but not a soul stirred; before, however, the first line of the song, "Come with thy sin," was sung, a ladylike person fell, in her agony, and then another



THE DISOBEDIENT

And, behold, there came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord unto Beth-el: and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense. And he cried against the altar in the name of the Lord, and said, O altar, altar, the Lord saith the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Jesus by name; and upon them shall be offered the priests of the high places, and burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee. And he gave a sign the same day, saying, This is the sign which the Lord hath spake. Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out. And it came to pass, when the king Jeroboam heard the saying of the man of God, which had cried against the altar in Bethel, that he sent his hand from the altar, saying, Lay hold on him. And his hand, which he sent forth against him, died not, so that he could not pull it in again to him. And the altar also was rent, and the ashes that were upon it were scattered to the wind. And the king sent men to take up the ashes, according to the sign which the man of God had given by the word of the Lord. And the king answered and said unto the man of God, Intreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored again. And the man of God besought the Lord, and the king's hand was restored unto him again, and became as it was before. And the king said unto the man of God, Come home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward. And the man of God said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place: for so was it charged me by the word of the Lord, saying, Eat no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest. So he went another way, and turned not by the way that he came to Bethel.

Now there dwelt an old prophet in Beth-el; and his sons came and told him all the works that the man of God had done that day in Bethel; the works which he had spoken unto the king, whom they told also to their father. And their father said unto them, What way went he? For his sons had seen what way the man of God went, which came from Judah. And he said unto his sons, Saddle me the ass. So they saddled him the ass; and he rode thereon, and went after the man of God, and found him sitting under an oak: and

ral in France.

THE GENERAL'S JOURNAL.

fashionable Boulevard in the centre of the city. We are nearly full—fifty more people would have packed us tight. The audience was, of course, Parisian and Catholic. Still, we had Americans, Canadians, and I should think, some English and Russians; but, if so, they did not make themselves known to me. Sitting on my left hand a little way down was a Bishop and Priest of the Catholic

Church. Altogether, we were a little mixed.

On taking my first glance at my audience, I remarked to my daughter, "Not much like 'the penitent form'!" "Not much," with a ready reply. When I sat down appearance had changed. The Mercy Seat had, so to speak, not only been explained, but, in a measure, popularized. Still, it seemed a dark problem whether we should have a soul convicted enough, or bold enough, to come before that crowd in acknowledgment of sin and the need of salvation.

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THE W

walked up from the back of the hall, and then another, and then three more, and then a young man, and then more women, and then another, and then three more, until the number had swollen to eighteen, making a total of eighty-nine for this part of the campaign, and we finished full of praise and thanksgiving to God and of confidence for the night.

OLD NO. 1 IN A NEW HOME.

(Special.)

The new barracks is situated on Huron St., seats about 300 and is well adapted for an Army building. The

opening meetings were conducted on Saturday and Sunday, by Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, assisted by Major and Mrs. Turner, Major and Mrs. Smeeton, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanyon, Staff-Captains Morris and Creighton, Adjts Wiseman and Attwell, and Headquarters' Orchestra.

The meetings were full of life, light and interest, and were times of deep spiritual blessing.

Sunday morning Major Turner treated us to a discourse on "How to kill giants."

Afternoon and night, the Brigadier, charged with the Spirit's power, swayed the congregations. The singing of the Male Quartette was superb. Six at



THE DISOBEDIENT PROPHET.

I Kings, chap. xiii, v. 1-28.

And, behold, there came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord unto Beth-el: and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense. And he cried against the altar in the name of the Lord, and said, O altar, after this saith the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, which by name; and upon thee shall be offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee. And he gave a sign the same day, saying, This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken: Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out. And it came to pass, when the king Jeroboam heard the saying of the man of God, which had cried against the altar in Bethel, that he put forth his hand from the altar, saying, Lay hold on him. And his hand, which he put forth against him, dried up, so that he could not pull it in again to him. And the altar was rent, and the ashes poured out from the altar, according to the sign which the man of God had given by the word of the Lord. And the king marvelled, and said unto the man of God, Intreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again. And the man of God besought the Lord, and the king's hand was restored him again: and because it was before. And the king said unto the man of God, If I bring home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward. And he said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will go not in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place: for so was it charged me by the word of the Lord, saying, Eat no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest. So he went other way, and returned not by the way that he came to Bethel.

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said unto him, Art thou the man of God that camest from Judah? And he said, I am. Ther he said unto him, Come home with me, and eat bread, and drink water. And he said, I may not return with thee, nor go in with thee; neither will I eat bread nor drink water with thee in this place: for it was said to me by the word of the Lord, Thou shalt eat no bread nor drink water there, nor turn again to go by the way that thou camest. He said unto him, I am a prophet also as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread, and drink water. But he lied unto him. So he went back with him, and did eat bread in his house, and drank water.

And it came to pass, as they sat at the table, that the word of the Lord came unto the prophet that brought him back; and he cried unto the man of God, saying, Disobey the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment which the Lord thy God commanded thee, but camest back, and hast eaten bread, and drunk water in the place, of the which the Lord did say to thee, Eat no bread, and drink no water; thy carcasse shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers.

And it came to pass, after he had eaten bread, and after he had drunk, that he smote him for the ass, to wit, for the prophet whom he had brought back, and when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him: and his carcasse was set by the way side, and the ass stood by it, and the lion lay by the carcasse. And, behold, men passed by, and saw the carcasse cast in the way, and the lion standing by the carcasse; and they came and told it in the city, where the old prophet dwelt. And when the prophet that brought him back knew the word of the Lord; therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the lion, which hath torn him, and slain him, according to the word of the Lord, which he spoke unto him. And he spake unto his sons, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled him. And he went and found the carcasse cast in the way, and the ass and the lion standing by the carcasse: the lion had not eaten the carcasse, nor torn the ass.

ALL IN ONE DAY

BY ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

"Lord, anoint her, anoint her; give her Thy touch! Oh, give her Thy touch, take her into Thy secret place!"

POOR Annie! She knelt on the barracks' floor with her face pressed in her two hands. Why did the Captain pray for her in that way? Had she not lived right before Him, and before the world, for that matter? Yes, she believed she was sanctified, anyway, she had professed it, and believed herself honest in her profession; and he was wrestling with God on her behalf. She felt she might deserve his help. Her heart was too much stirred to do anything of that sort. Oh, was there really a baptism that she might receive, that which would lift her above the spiritual level she was now on? But to acknowledge she was not "sanctified" would be strange, for she really thought she was.

It was a festival day, and to celebrate it the little corps was having a knee-drill at 4 a.m.; and because her soul hungered for a blessing she had come, never expecting that the tables were to be turned on her like this.

"Lord, take her into Thy secret place," the Captain prayed.

"I don't want to be taken into God's secret place," she said in her heart.

Later in the day, while Mrs. B—— prepared the dinner, Capt. B—— and Annie went on an errand for the corps. "Now is my chance," she thought. "I'll ask him what he means."

"Captain, why did you pray for me like that?" she enquired. "Do you think that I am not sanctified, and why do you think so?"

Very wisely the officer let her to probe her own heart and helped her to search herself, but she held up her confession. Still the Captain had taken a tight hold on her mind. She was thinking fast and deeply. Certainly she knew she had a deal of confidence in herself, but that was not wrong, surely; in the past she had taught herself to believe it a virtue. Yes, it was true she thought she was the author of a deal of the good that was done in her little world, but she struggled always to give God ALL the glory. She could not really help that feeling in her heart, and if she opposed it, what more was there for her to do? True, she did not enjoy prayer of late, her mind wandered so, but she was sure she could not help that. "Oh, dear, was she wrong?"

After dinner she stood before the glass tying on her bonnet. "Mrs. B—— was resting near her. "Mrs. B——, do you think I am not sanctified?" she asked.

As the two women talked on the subject—for Annie loved and had the utmost

confidence in Mrs. B——, with tears she confessed those secret sins and failings which she had forgotten it was her privilege to be delivered from.

Then, drying her eyes, she completed her preparations for going out.

"Now I'll pray with you," said Mrs. B——, and the bonneted girl was bowed by her couch, while she poured out her heart for this perplexed soul.

"The Captain will be here, she would say. 'Sooth thy faintheart,' and so forth.

"Let your afternoon's work wait. Do this first," said the Captain's wife.

"I don't want to," said Annie; then recollecting herself, she yielded, and simply said, "All right."

"There would be added sin," she meditated, "were I unwilling; and I do indeed want to wholly follow my Lord."

So off came the bonnet and wrap, and taking a Bible she went to a room and shut herself in "to settle it."

She tried to pray, but what was the use? How mindless she was, wondering.

This only increased the sense of her need. She must have something from God.

What did she want from God, anyway? She thought she needed a baptism. What! Claim the Holy Ghost? Oh, that was too much for an ordinary person like her. But it was too true, she had a lot of self about her. Oh, she could see it now. She had no faith in her own prayers. She felt she was not sufficiently earnest to claim God's attention.



"They knelt down on either side of her."

"I'll go and pray with poor Tom, he is backsitting," she thought. "But then I need to pray for myself. Well, I'll get right up and go for a walk. But I can't get out of the house without an inquiry whether I've won, and what should I say? What is the use, any way? I'll never be any different. I'll go home and give it up altogether."

She was now sitting on the floor, her two hands clasped over her knee. She had stopped to pray.

"If they would command me, I think I could keep my mind on God, but they haven't time. I won't ask them. The idea of them praying with me as though I was some vile sinner! No, indeed! And then the Captain gets into such a sweat. I'm sure I don't want him to get in such a stew over me again as he did this morning. But what is to become of me if I'm not different to what I have been? O God!" she prayed. "It is for me to have the baptism this afternoon, send Mrs. B—— to pray with me."

Once or twice the devil whispered, "You're all right. It is all nonsense that you need any more definite experience." But she knew now that she could never again be satisfied with the past experience.

There was a step on the stair, and the Captain's wife softly pushed open the door.

"Oh, I can't pray, it is no use," she said to her.

"Shall I call Captain?" said Mrs. B——.

"Oh, no, you needn't," said Annie. But already she had called him, and they knelt down on either side of her and

helped her wandering mind and feeble faith to lay hold of God. Again and again she gave it up, and was as often brought to pray again.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," whispered the Captain.

God seemed to subdue the stormy thoughts into her soul. Best of all assurance was there. Down in the depths of her very soul she felt God had anointed her, and had indeed given her His touch. She was not afraid to be in His secret place. Hallelujah!

Now self is dead, or dies daily. Now her mind is retained in prayer. If it has a tendency to wander she prays aloud. Now the work done is done by God. It is easy to give Him the glory for what He does. Now prayer is a delight and regularly exercised.

Is there no experience, dear reader, a satisfactory one to you? Let me be definite, have you the baptism of the Holy Ghost? If not, w-

seek for Him, for the promise is unto you and your children, and to them that are afar off, and to as many as the Lord our God shall call. (Acts ii. 39.) You may enjoy a continual feast of fat things in your own soul.

Glorying in the Cross.

"All is in the Cross, and in dying dies all; and there is no other way to life, and to true inward peace, but by the way of the Cross and of daily mortification."—Thomas A'Kempis.

I LOVE Jesus and I know Him; He is the light of my life, my soul's King; and I love the cross and fear to lose it, it is my heart's secret, the secret of Jesus. To know it one must feel it, for it is knowledge born of experience. And I love to obey the inward voice, and count it a joy to live in personal service, share in Lent's passion.

To follow Him and to seek the precious souls for whom He died, winning them and winning them by the radiance of His own sweet, gentle spirit, the spirit of Divine, compassionate love, long-suffering and kind, is the whole purpose and passion of my life.

All whose hearts have melted in the fire of God's wondrous love are ministering spirits. They are saved to serve, to be the world's light and salt, and by their much fruit-bearing glorifying the God of their salvation.

They are in the world, but not like it. Permitted of God to remain upon the earth to bless and comfort and mitigate its sufferings. To each soul

the inward cross is the secret of spiritual power, the most priceless of all spiritual gifts, the mystery of all mysteries. It implies discipleship—it means companionship, a giant capacity for love, a lynx-eyed spiritual discernment, a pain that is joy unspeakable because it is love beyond measure. Such souls see, hear, and understand that which mortal eye, ear, and understanding cannot grasp, because the deep things of God are revealed through the heart to the mind, rather than through the mind to the heart. Hence the necessity of faith.

To these souls God is a living garment, they know no doubt, birth is lost in sight, and hope in fruition. They reflect in their life the heaven in their soul. They count no sacrifice too dear, and esteem it a privilege and a joy to suffer, live, or die for Jesus and purifying souls.

In the eyes of those who base life upon a brute naturalism and make self-interest the root-motive of all action, such souls will be ever dreamers and failures, and the proud crafty world-spirit will ever try to subject and use for its own base purposes the spiritual power it has apparently given. They are the light of eternity, "light which abideth in the light of light," light which banishes mortal sight." They possess no perishable treasures, earth's joys are dim, its glories pale, the soul's battle has been fought and won. God's seal is upon their life's work, and a crown of righteousness awaits these humbled, purified souls of fire who followed the way of the Cross and solved life's problems. True disciples, the courageous and servants of Jesus.—K.

History Class.

L—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XX.

KING PYRRHUS.

Westward of Greece lay the mountainous country of Egypt, bordered by the Adriatic Sea. Its inhabitants spoke a rough dialect of Greek, but the royal families were pure Greek descent. During the complications of wars following the break-up of Alexander's empire, the King of Epirus took part and was defeated, his entire family was slain with the exception of his two-year-old son, Pyrrhus, who was saved by some faithful servants. They fled towards Macedon, which they safely reached, but as Cassander had been the enemy of the child's father, the servants travelled into Illyria, where they found King Glaucon. The King was first inclined to refuse shelter to the child, but the little fellow had crawled up to the King and was pulling himself up by taking hold of the King's leg, looking fearlessly into his face. This act won Glaucon's heart, who took the child up and gave him to the Queen to be raised with her own family.

When Pyrrhus was twelve years old, Glaucon sent an army to restore him to his throne, and to guard him there; he was high-spirited, brave and gracious.

At seventeen Pyrrhus went to Illyria to attend the wedding of one of Glaucon's sons, and while he was gone a rebellion broke out which resulted in making his cousin King. He then sought under Demetrius, who sent him a horse as a present to Achaeans, who soon made him a general and raised him to a high favor with King Ptolemy, who gave him his daughter, Berenice, in marriage, and assisted him to raise an army to recover his kingdom, which he accomplished.

His kindness and skill soon were spoken of in Macedonia, which hated Demetrius and rose against him in revolt. He had to flee in disguise to Asia, where he hoped to recover some of his father's kingdom, but was taken a prisoner by Seleucus, who treated him kindly. He soon died in captivity from excess in eating and drinking.

Pyrrhus invaded Macedonia to his realm, but was soon attacked by Lysimachus, and as the sickle Macedonians went over to the latter, Pyrrhus was obliged to retreat into Epirus. In the meantime Seleucus attacked Lysimachus and killed him, adding both Thrace and Macedonia to his possessions; thereafter he was called the Conqueror. Seleucus was the last survivor of Alexander's generals, and held now all his empire, except Egypt. While in Macedonia, however, Seleucus was killed by a vile Egyptian Greek, named Ptolemy Keraunos, who made himself King of Macedonia.

At this time the Kelts, or Gauls, a semi-barbarous race which inhabited parts of France and Britain, had descended from the mountains. They quickly conquered Macedonia and killed Ptolemy Keraunos, then overran all Thrace. They found the pass of Thermopylae, and were about to plunder Delphi, where the Greeks made a desperate defence and, aided by a terrific thunderstorm and earthquake, the Gauls were frightened into a retreat. Their chief was wounded and then retreated. He set the example by stabbing himself; but the Greeks surrounded them and killed the entire force. It is said that only a small party of Gauls escaped and crossed the Hellespont and settled in Asia Minor, where they were known as Galatians.

After the Gauls left Macedonia, Antigonus, the son of Demetrius, took possession of his father's kingdom, and his family held it. Pyrrhus had an ambition to make himself so popular in the West as Alexander had been in the East. But his expedition to Sicily failed to Roman history.

Pyrrhus fought with alternate success against Macedonia and Sparta, but was, by treachery, caught in the city of Argos and killed by a soldier. He was forty-six years old at his death, in the year 272, B. C.

(To be continued.)



"After dinner she stood before the glass, tying on a new bonnet."



SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS.

The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

The townfolk at Bear River are saddened by a shipping catastrophe which has sent six of their young men into a watery grave. Three of them were Army soldiers.—Victoria corps has been visited by Ensign and Mrs. Hawkes, of the States, who chose this unselfish way of spending their honeymoon.—A brother at Glace Bay declared that he felt uncomfortable in the meeting in his starched collar and appeared the following night in a red garrison.—The people appreciate the War Cry at the above corps, some of the friends paid 50 and 25 cents for a copy.—One member is rejoicing in a renovated barracks. Our correspondent affirms it is fit for a visit from the General or Commissioner now.—Salvation efforts have been carried on by our Glace Bay comrades among the workers in the neighboring copper mines. They were well received.—One correspondent from St. Catharines sends us his report in verse with the following: "We were all upside down. We, however, thought its present form more intelligible.—Total number reported at the penitent form for the week, 80.

PACIFIC.

28 Corps—2 Reports.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Had a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Hawkes, from Tacoma, on their honeymoon trip. Ensign is a splendid musician, and led Saturday night's meeting, also assisted Staff-Captain on Sunday. Meetings well gone. One or two souls forward.—M. L.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—During the last three weeks we have seen the sun-blighted soul pass through. We have seen the poor backslander return to his former ways; we have seen the half-hearted Christian catch the fire. We have a band of ten blood-washed warriors blowing salvation music. Then we have had a visit from Ensign Blass, also a coffee social and a big banquet.—B. Norman, R. C.

NORTH-WEST.

33 Corps—6 Reports.

LISBON, N. D.—We have had Adjt. Barr and Capt. Siverts with us for a week. Spent a very enjoyable time. Praise God! Victory is ours.—S.D. is not feared.—Corn Russell, R. C.

MORDEN—Three souls since last report. Last Sunday we had which interfered with our open-air meetings, but we asked and got permission to have an inside salvation meeting in a hotel, and while that was going on an old gentleman made arrangements with another proprietor of a hotel to let us have one there, and so we were one meeting ahead.

CALGARY—Two souls sought and found the Saviour this week. S.D. is all the talk now, and we are going to hit our target.—L. O. Bunson, Capt.

BRANDON—Three souls came forward for salvation Wednesday night and one Sunday night. The Spirit of God is working and we are happy in the knowledge of His presence.—E. Hayes.

HAT PORTAGE—Five souls in past two weeks. Ensign and Mrs. Hobbick away on a trip to Rainy River. Cadets led the Wednesday night's meeting, and Lieut. McConnell took the meeting on Thursday night.—M. E. H.

WINNIPEG, Man.—Glorious meetings all day yesterday, led by Major and Mrs. Southall. One brother from the blossoming clear hearted through the night meeting when we closed at about 11 o'clock. We believe we shall see the results later.—Jennie M. Giles, Cadet.

WEST ONTARIO.

38 Corps—4 Reports.

BLEINHEIM—We have reached our S.D. target of \$100. I collected \$6. I am bombarding the railway station and the houses, and everyone I meet on the street. I also sold 115 War Crys during S.D. I enjoy my work for God in the Army immensely.—Ins. Groom.

DRAYTON—Good meetings all week. Sunday night many souls were convicted though none yielded. Good crowd. Everyone believing in an outpouring of God's Spirit.—R. Cooper.

NORWICH—We have smashed our S.D. target all to pieces. We were pleased to have with us on Sunday afternoon our Capt. Rees, now Mrs. Cusler. God bless her.—Lieut. Edwards, for Capt. Hickox.

WATFORD—We had some beautiful meetings yesterday, led by Capt. York of Boston. Four souls came to the Cross.—Mrs. J. E. Collier.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

45 Corps—5 Reports.

SUDBURY—We have had a visit from Ensign Burrows. We enjoyed it very much. The lantern service, "Poor Mike," was well appreciated by all. Splendid meeting at Copper Cliff and also at Mount Nickel Mine, where a building was kindly lent to us by Mr. Clark. We had the number of a highly-heeded lot of people. God bless them. Sunday was a day of blessing. We had an enrolment of recruits, and saw two souls at the Cross.—Captain Stephens and Lieut. McLennan.

OMEMEE—We have had Brother Moore with the Lamb. He has been painting and painting the barracks. Now it is fit for the General or Commissioner to sit in, and wouldn't we be glad to see them. Bro. Moore deserves praise for the way it is finished, also Capt. Lott and Lieut. Northcott for the way they helped. Mrs. Bridgadier Howell with us the past three weeks. We were much blessed by her visit. She was one of the first that helped to open fire in this place. On Friday we had a soldiers' meeting, at which Adjt. Fox, of the Lindsay District, was present.—Reg. Cor.

UXBRIDGE—The energy was routed out of his trenches, and put to flight, losing five of his people, who have decided to enlist in King Jesus' army. The engagement took place Sunday and lasted all day, but victory came at last.—H. L. F. Y., C. O. O'.

YORKVILLE—Heart-searching times on Sunday. Major Collier and Adjt. Attwell leading. One soul sought and found the Saviour in the afternoon, and four at night. Self-denial was all right up this way, everybody going like steam. Major Collier is a astonishingly wise; she is not early nor late. She will get her \$100 nil O. K. Then there is plucky Adjt. Welsh, who is in charge of the Edington Brigade. She is doing wonders.—A. Rose, Capt.

ST. CATHARINES—

The war is still raging,
And God is still saving;
Another soul last night—
Yours in the fight,

Lieut. E. Calvert, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

LISGAR ST.—A glorious day on Sunday, closing out S.D. week, reinforced by Adjt. and Mrs. Adams at night. Everyone shouting happy, with eight souls at the Cross. A man and his wife started for heaven together.—Sergt. Mrs. Stickells.

EAST ONTARIO and QUEBEC

37 Corps—2 Reports.

BURLINGTON—Good week-end. Two dear brothers yielded their all to God and go beautifully saved from drink, tobacco, and sin of all kinds.—Capt. Brown, and Lieut. Carter.

KEMPVILLE—Since coming here we have been favored with a visit from Major Harrgrave, which everyone enjoyed and appreciated. We can also report souls getting saved, crowds and collections increasing. Altogether, things are looking up.—Lieut. McEwan, for Capt. Ruth Crego.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

48 Corps—4 Reports.

ST. JOHNS II., Nfld.—Sunday was a day of power and blessing. God saved nine souls. They danced and praised God when the burden of sin rolled from their hearts. War Crys all sold.—S. Morgan, for Capt. McLean.

CHANNEL—Two victorious weeks have passed since our arrival at Channel. On Sunday our meetings were well attended. The power of God was in our midst, and at night we were able to rejoice over three souls who had stepped from darkness into light. Self-Denial is upon us. We are counting on the victory.—S. Winsor, Capt., K. Ribout, Lieut.

MORTON'S HARBOUR—Our Lieutenant has farewelled for Indian Arm. There was a good crowd coming to the meeting, all of which it was a snowy night. Our Junior work is having a great success and we are believing for greater victories in the future. Our faith is high for Self-Denial.—L. Barnes, Capt.

TILT GOV'-E—A hard battle was fought on Sunday. After a red-hot prayer meeting for about two hours one soul came to the fountain that cleanses.—L. Smart, R. C.

EAST.

54 Corps—7 Report.

SYDNEY—Although not any souls saved since last report, our crowds are increasing and becoming more interested. We are believing for a mighty uphaul. We are in for smashing out S.D. target by hitting it fair in the centre. Quite a few of our Newfoundland comrades are over and helping us out quite a bit.—K. C. D., Lieut.

ANNAPOOLIS—Everyone is in for victory over sin and the devil. Sunday night meeting grand. Large crowd collection good two souls.—M. H., R. C.

CLARK'S HARBOR—This week all our War Crys were sold out. Sunday the battle was one of desperate earnestness, and we closed with two prisoners captured.—Geo. Hajosou and Low Sharp-

WINDSOR, N. S.—We have had the joy of seeing the return of four backsliders. Our officers have come back from a week of council at St. John filled with the Self-Denial theme. Capt. Tilley gave us a Sunday, also Lieut. Cowan, who is home for a short visit. Together they helped to make it an interesting and profitable day.—Trans. McPhee.

ST. JOHN III.—Our meetings have been quite exciting of late, including farewell meetings, welcome meetings, and best of all, soul-saving meetings. The Major made a visit, bringing with him Staff-Capt. Taylor and wife and Ensign Miller. The Chancellors were called to take up their fighting quarters in Montreal. Capt. Newell, who has been sick for some time, forced her way to the front of the battle, and uttered words of encouragement. In counting our victories we find 13 souls saved from sin and backsliding.—Cor. W. Marshall.

GLACE BAY—After a stay of ten months Ensign and Mrs. Larder have farewelled. During their stay in Glace Bay, God's Kingdom has been extended, souls have been saved, backsliders reclaimed, and corps placed in a good fighting position. The H. F. efforts was a sweeping victory, and the Ensign was just rejoicing over the prospects of greater victories for Self-Denial when he was ordered to take charge of Chatham Corps and District. They have been succeeded by Capt. and Mrs. Thompson. We have had some beautiful times already in our soldiers' meetings. In one of them one of the soldiers was so moved and fell unconscious in his starched shirt and necktie which he came along with his uniform on. The Captain is a great War Cry bonner. Last Saturday he did not have one left for meeting, and many of the friends were disatisfied at not getting a Cry. One friend gave 50¢, and several 25¢. For a copy of the War Cry, Sergeant-Major Morrison has also increased his sales. We are in for victory in our S.D.—Sergt.-Major.

BEAR RIVER—Our hearts are very sad when we think of the six young men who left our town for Boston, and that we shall never see their faces, or hear their voices again. The vessel on which they sailed was found off Cape Ann dismasted and bottom side up, and after 14 days nothing has been heard of them. Among those were three Salvationists—Our Friend John, Jim, and Ralph Morris. This latter got saved in Boston just the trip before. Three souls have been won for God since last report.—E. A. M., Sec.

YOU LIKED

Last year's Xmas Number,

DIDN'T YOU?

Well, you won't be disappointed
with this year's

Special Xmas War Cry.

ORDER AT ONCE.

Kingliness of Service.

"Ah, to be prime!" sighed the boy, "oh, for the popular crown!
Surely, the king's highway knoweth no thru nor frown."
"Boy," said the ruler benigno, "rare are
the paths of ease that lead to the
throne; rare are the thrones;
He that would feast with the king must
with his soldiers be fed.
He that would lead and command, first
must obey and be led.
He is a hero that tries; kingdoms and
thrones are his feet.
Willing for service he reigns; gladly
men call him their chief."

—Frank Weleott Hunt.

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.—Marlowe.



A FRUITFUL LIFE.

"Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go forth and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit shall remain." (John xv. 16.)

If you possess the life of the Spirit you will be a fruitful Christian. A fruitful life means two things: Soul-winning and loving.

What is soul-winning? There are different kinds of soul-winning. One is used in the conversion of souls. Another is helping sick ones, with the comforting words of Christ; cheering up discouraged ones, bringing back backsliders, giving cheerful words to those who are downcast; explaining the love of God to those who have had thoughts about Him, and in this way winning souls to God. This is all called soul-winning.

The former is soul-winning in one direction, the latter in another. Some people are under the impression that those who win souls for Christ—that is, who bring unconverted souls to Christ—are soul winners. Certainly not. As long as you win souls to Christ, whether in one way or another, it is soul-winning.

I have heard many Christians say that they have never been used by God in the conversion of souls, since they began to serve God. They do not make this mistake, because they do not know exactly what soul-winning is.

Perhaps you have been winning any souls for Christ since you have been converted? Have you cheered any downcast ones? Were you the means of bringing any backslider to the feet of Christ? Have you encouraged any sick ones in the hospital—any one who has lost hope? Have you ever helped any one by giving them a word of cheer at the right time? Have you never encouraged any one by your smile, look, smile, prayer? That is soul-winning.

Another kind of fruitful life is to let your light shine out for Christ in your daily walk. This is called love.

There are three kinds of love:

1. Human love.

2. God's love.

3. Christ's love.

1. Human love means that you love those who love you.

"For if ye love them which love you, then are ye publicans the same?" (Matt. v. 46.)

If they invite you, you invite them. If they do not love you, you do not love them. That is human love, not the outcome of the abundant life. This is only a natural love, common to all people—even skeptics, agnostics, Mohammedans, and Hindus have this love. Do not boast that this is the fruit of the abundant life.

2. God's love—Jesus Christ Himself. God is love, and He had love in His heart towards the world, which He showed to it by giving His only child. Have you received this love by faith? If you have not this love, you are not a Christian. All those who believe Christ and receive Him as their personal Saviour, have this love. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." (John i. 12.)

3. Christ's love. This is called Christian love. If you possess Christ's love, you have the more abundant life, because this love is the outcome of the abundant life. Carefully see this point, lest you make a mistake.

This love has three marks:

(a) Christ's love is a constraining love. "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one die for all, then were all dead." (1 Cor. viii. 14.)

What is constraining love? Constraining love is not a pump-up love—not trying to love a person, but you are enabled to do so, and it becomes natural. It is the outcome of the abundant life. When you possess this life it will not be difficult for you to love anybody; you cannot help but love. Your love becomes natural, and you take pleasure in it, you enjoy it—it will never be hard. That is the love that Christ had; that is the love the Disciples had after Pentecost. That is what made them stand for the Lord and love all people, all sects, all denominations, whether low or high, educated or uneducated—all in one—Christ Jesus.

This constraining love is Christ's love. If so be you have not got this, you try to love, but cannot; you try to speak, but cannot speak, you find it hard, you say it is one of the trying things of your life; then you have not got this constraining love, and that shows you have not this abundant life.

The next mark in Christ's love is:

(b) It is a love that passeth knowledge.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." (Eph. iii. 17, 18, 19.)

What do you mean by this love that "passeth knowledge"? It is beyond the knowledge of all B. A.'s, or M. A.'s and beyond the knowledge of all intellect and power. No mere brain man can understand your love; it is not Christ's love; but when people sing of love at your love, that is the result of this more abundant life.

A natural man cannot make you out, because Christ says it "passeth knowledge." Have you this love? Do you love all people? Those who are shabby, low in station, and poor? Do you love them? And do you love your enemies, that is, not only hating what they say, but truly love them in return? If you do, that is the love that passeth knowledge.

The next mark of Christ's love is:

(c) It is never failing.

"Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophesies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." (1 Cor. xiii. 8.)

With this love, you love others at all times. There will never be any difference.

You will love a person whether he is well off, or badly off.

Now-a-days, many love others when they have plenty of money, when they are doing good business; but when they are badly off, they do not know them, nor do they love them.

They do not care for them. This is not Christ's love. They recognize all well-to-do people, all rich people, and poor people, if they were their nearest relations, but when they see any of these fall in their business, or become poor, they do not recognize them. This is not Christ's love.

A never-failing love will love a person all the days of his life, under all circumstances, whatever befalls him.

Have you got this love? Can you honestly say that you have this never-failing love?

Do you love all poor people? Do you love people who have met with adversities the same way as you loved them before?

If not, your love is not Christ's love, and you have not got this abundant life.

When you possess this love, you never care over people's sins in love, and will talk only of their good qualities if they have any.

You will not carry tales and speak about them here and there, but you will go and speak of their faults to them straight to their face, and never betray their secrets to others. Not only that, you won't have any fear of man. Ask God to examine you. If you don't possess this love you have not got this life more abundant.

MAKE THE WORLD BRIGHTER.

LUCY LARCOM.

If the world seems cold to you, Kindle fire to warm it!

Let their comfort fire from view

Winters that deform it.

Hearts as frozen as your own

To that radiance gather;

You will soon forget to moan

"Ah, the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,

Go, build houses in it!

Will it help your loneliness

On the winds to dip it?

Rock a bit, however slight;

Woe and brambles smother

And to root and mend invite

Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a veil of tears,

Smile till rainbows span it!

Breathe the love that endures,

Clear from clouds to fan it.

Of your goodness lend a gleam

In the souls that shiver;

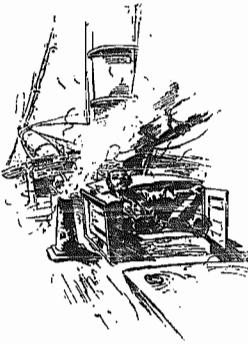
Show them how dark sorrow's stream

Blends with Hope's bright river.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

By A. L. P.

A STORY IN THE XMAS CRY.



winter. Sec. Flory, of H. M. S. Terror, Pte. Fawson, of H. M. S. Buzzard, and Happy Ted Miller, of the Flagship Crescent, and Bro. Hastings and others make things hum when they get together.

We are delighted with the news that Commissioner is coming to Bermuda in January, 1900. She will receive a great welcome—Yours in the Blood-and-Fire, G. Miller, D.O.



Ensign Hoddinott is stirring things up in the W. O. P. in connection with the G. B. M. He has just appointed the following new Local Agents: Sister Virtue, Windsor; Bro. Fuller, Sisters Fuller, Fields, and Yeomans, Chatham; Bro. J. Wade, Wardsville, and Sister Mrs. Patchett, Wallenburg. With this additional staff Lazarus should stand a good show in the W. O. P.

There have been several other appointments in the other Provinces as well: Mark Piercy, Cornwall; J. B. Wooster, Miami; Emilie Oliver, Falkenburg; Sister Golden, Lippincott St.; and M. Turniere, Sheridan, Wyo. They will look after the pennies for Lazarus in their respective Provinces.

Ensign Parker writes: "I went into Mr. Kyte's store, at Cornwall, and asked him for his box, it was put away on a shelf. I had found many empty boxes put away, but this box it was packed it was shaken together, it was jammed down till it could hold no more, then stored away to await the Agent's call, but somehow the Agent missed calling. A great many boxes, take warning and hunt up every box. That one contained \$25. Surely this Kyte is a high flyer for the G. B. M."

Ensign Burrows always seems to have some good news. While up North he had a meeting at Mt. Nickel Mine. The miners worked nearly all night on the pre-arranged plan, placing twenty men on the lantern-service. They spent a very enjoyable time, and the Ensign had a good lift financially. He also reports four salvation, and an enrolment of four recruits at Sudbury, and one out for holiness at the S.D. half-night of Hulmeville.

Read what the same individual says about Brackbridge: "Our meetings in Brackbridge surprised anything that I have ever witnessed since my present appointment. Praise God. Meetings present all day, with 13 souls—four at 11 a.m., three at 3 p.m., and six at night. Some of the comrades were actually running over with joy. Glory to God. He was with us!"

Ensign Andrews expects to sail for Bermuda about the 20th of December. He is closing up early, but by what he has written the Financial Secretary, he intends at that early date to leave every other Province in the rear this time. Oh, what a target he has set, and he says he expects to get it. If I only dare tell the others, but then it won't do to tell stories out of school, but you wait.

A few things we would like—all Agents to send in some notes like the above. There is surely something interesting everywhere. Send particulars of any special thing in meetings.

A thing special in connection with the collecting of box cash, like the above from Ensign Parker.

The photo and a short life sketch of any of your Agents or box-holders, etc., etc.—T. H. C.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING IT?

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, ETC.
LEGACIES?

DO YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

GROCERIES, ETC.
MORTGAGES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of competent officers.

In your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. S. Benson, 5, A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

Our World-Wide War

THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Chief of the Staff led four sessions with the Local Offices of Manchester. They are reported as being of an exceptionally fine character.

The Indian Famine Fund grows. The latest Cry brings up the contributions to nearly \$8,000.

The Rev. J. J. Halley, Secretary of the Congregational Union in Victoria, called at T. H. Q. recently, and is visiting our City Colony operations before returning to Australia.

Mr. Mulholland, a friend of the Army's in America, also an admirer of the General and the practical results of his work, visited the Farm Colony some days ago, accompanied by Colonel Barker. He has since expressed his opinion about our work at Hadleigh in the following sentence: "Not a great possibility, not a great probability, but a great actuality."

The Rev. Mr. Soper (Mrs. Bramwell Booth's brother) paid a visit to our Blackfriars Shelter with Colonel Barker. He expressed himself much pleased with all he saw, took note of the men coming in, and afterwards addressed 400 of them, taking for his subject, "God is able."

UNITED STATES.

The Commander's special holiness meetings in New York City are meeting with continued success. The Policy of Expansion," was the subject of the latest.

A fine and valuable property has been secured in the City of Buffalo for a Resene Home. It will accommodate 30 girls, and, though valued at \$80 per month, is being let to us for \$40 per month.

The Editor-in-Chief, Colouel Brewer, is continuing his trip to Europe in the Cry. He takes us to Glasgow, and gives us a stirring report thereof.

Colonel Sowton has returned to New York after a tour round the Scandinavian and German corps.

One of the last acts of the late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt before leaving Newport, was to forward the officer in charge of the work there a cheque for \$25.

INDIA.

Commissioner Higgins is at present on tour visiting the Madras and Telegu, South Indian and Ceylon Territories.

Major Jaug Bahadur, who is on furlough, having in Sweden, has been on tour specialising on behalf of the Swedish Self-Denial. He reports great blessing, spiritual and financial.

Major Sukh Singh (Blowers) sends a glowing report of the Salvation War in the Telegu Country, under Major Gunnar Prakasam. At one meeting 110 souls, and at another 86 adults and 50 Juniors were enrolled.

The Government of Ceylon has recently shown its sympathy by granting us the following privileges: 1. License to marry our officers. 2. To visit prisoners in jail. 3. By granting a petition on behalf of certain oppressed people.

Our appeal on behalf of famine-stricken India has met with a generous response from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. Some varying from a few shillings to a hundred pounds have been received, many of them the outcome of much self-denial. One letter, signed, "A Poor Washerwoman," has enclosed ten shillings—five for India and five for the Children's Breakfast Fund. Two little-lads, Stewart and Donald, have sent their savings towards a bicycle each in a sum of fifteen shillings, "deciding to

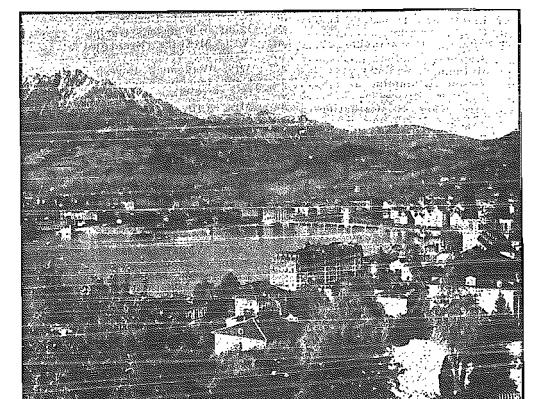
forego that pleasure a little longer in order to alleviate in some degree the sufferings of India's boys and girls."

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The General is spending a fortnight in the French Territory, visiting Paris, Nimes, Berne, Basle, and Chaux de Fonds.

The sale of the En Avant in the cafes, though a very hard trial, is often accompanied with great blessing. Many instances of real conversions brought about by these sales are reported in the French War Cry.

On Thursday, Nov. 9th, the seventh corps of the French capital was formally opened. Majors Jeannaud and Chatlain conducted the proceedings.



Lucerne, Switzerland.

The Rev. Mr. Rollier, a staunch friend of the Army, conducted with success several meetings in the corps of Switzerland lately.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has sent \$750 to help swell the Indian Famine Fund.

Two other cities in Switzerland have opened their doors to the Army. They are Soleure and Kreuzlingen.

ITALY.

Brigadier Percy Clibborn has opened fire in the old city of Pisa. A telegram announces that the opening service was attended by a sympathetic crowd. The officers are expecting great things from the new corps.

An important council of war took place recently in Turin.

The war is progressing all over the country. Officers and soldiers are full of enthusiasm and greatly encouraged in their efforts.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The last number of the Spanish War Cry publishes a superb cut of the General and Commander and Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Bonnett, of the Argentine Republic are visiting the Old Country, more especially the different branches of the Army Social Work.

The work in La Plata is rapidly growing. The meetings are well attended and the greatest sympathy is shown by everyone.

At Santa Fe ten recruits are waiting for the visit of Brigadier Pearce to be enrolled under the Army Flag. At Payandu Chpt. Thomas has organized a special visiting brigade. It has already helped us much. A special feature of its mission is the reclaiming of back-sliders. The idea is worthy of imitation.

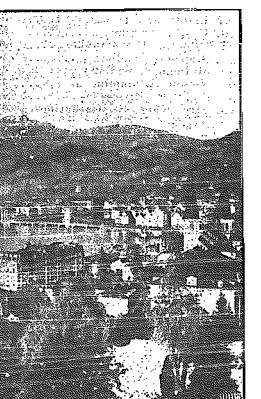
From La Boca del Rincon a telegram announces an enrolling of soldiers by Brigadier Pearce in a splendid meeting.

The Army has been violently attacked by a paper of La Plata, published under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. Those persecutions always bring to light the true children of God and followers of Christ, and push them forward for victory.

FINLAND.

Nearly every corps has its sewing circle, where friends and comrades unite in the work.

The 10th Anniversary of the S. A. in Finland is to be celebrated immediately after Self-Denial Week.



SWEDEN.

Twenty-seven Cadets received orders for the Field in October.

The Commissioner spent two days and three nights among the Lapps, and slept with Major Karlson in a Lapp hut.

Major Sundin has visited Gothenburg, Malmö, and Norrköping to inspect the Social institutions. He relates the Shelter in Gothenburg is so full that one night while there twenty men had to be turned away. It is to be enlarged with 30 beds.

The steam kitchen in Norrköping is prospering also, business being twice as large as six weeks ago.

It has been decided to open a Woman's Shelter in Stockholm, there being a great need for it.

ICELAND.

Lieut. Sveinson reports good times. Sons have been saved. Altogether the work in Isafjord is very encouraging.

Self-Denial is now well in hand and the officers all over the country are very hopeful and determined to have success.

Three new places are being opened, namely, Eirarbakki, Stokkuri, and Akranes. Great hopes are entertained for these places.

About 600 people are to be found a round our open-air every night. Meetings well attended.

NOTANDA.

Adj't. and Mrs. Shaw report good times at Georgetown, British Guiana. On a recent Monday night, without any special attraction, they had 120 in the march. The Adjutant says they are a lovely lot of soldiers, willing to do anything for God.

The War Cry circulation in Jamaica is rising steadily. There are some famous boomers among the basic officers, two of whom sell three hundred copies per month, and this is in tiny hamlets, where the populations are very scattered.

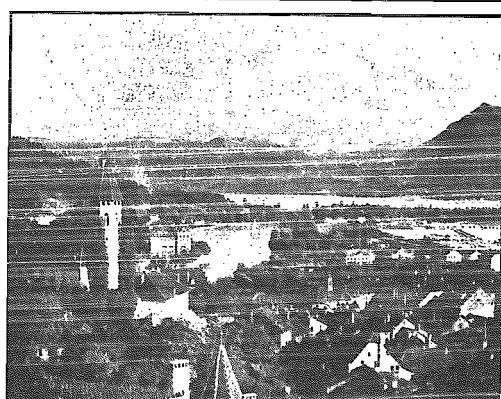
Staff-Capt. Stevens, the War Cry's correspondent at Cape Town, sends to the English Cry a picture of the Army's position as it now stands. A picture of the Salvation Army in larger at Kimberley is promised for the next issue. Commissioner Kilbey's name is on the committee list for relieving the distressed.

YOUR PLACE.

Just where you stand in the conflict, There is your place ! Just where you think you are useless, Hide not your face ! God placed you there for a purpose, Whatever it be, Think He has chosen you for it, Work loyalty.

Gird on your armor ! be faithful At toil or rest, Whichever it be, never doubting God's way as best. Out in the fight, or on picket, Stand firm and true, This is the work which your Master Gives you to do.

Goodness consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward things we are.—Chaplin.



Thun and the Bernese Alps, Switzerland.



CHRISTMAS OFFER.

This is your opportunity to secure Christmas presents for your friends. These reduced prices are only good until December 31st, 1899.

Books.

	ORDINARY PRICE	REDUCED TO
Life of Mrs. Booth	3 00	2 00
(Postage, extra, 2c.)		
Life of Chas. G. Finney	\$0 60	\$0 40
Life of John Wesley	50	35
Life of General Booth, by Stead	15	10
Life of Captain Ted	30	18
Theological Lectures, by Finney	55	40
Scriptural Way of Holiness	35	20
Plain Account of Christian Perfection	10	5
General Booth's Letters	50	30
Godliness, by Mrs. Booth	60	45
Remarkable Narratives	1 00	75
Todd's Student's Manual	40	20
(Postage, extra, 2c.)		

Musical Salvationist.

33 copies of Vol. II	75	60
4 " Vol. IV	1 00	75
5 " Vol. VI	1 00	75
(Postage, extra, 2c.)		

Bibles.

60 Bibles and Song Books Combined	3 00	2 00
16 Bibles only	1 50	80
18 "	1 35	75
10 "	1 25	70
1 "	4 00	2 00
2 "	3 50	1 75
(Postage, extra, 2c.)		

Testaments.

8 Thin Vest Pocket Testaments, excellent binding	65	37
80 Small Testaments, good binding	30	17
19 Pocket " " "	65	37
15 " " "	75	42
(Postage, extra, 2c.)		

Sundries.

A limited number of Special Song Books, selected, (sold only in doz. lots) . . . per doz.	50	18
60 Torches	25	15
200 Band Lamps (sold in lots of 6 only) each	85	40
9 pairs Socks	12 ½	8
4 " Hose	30	1
4 suits Men's Fleece Lined Underwear	2 00	55
3 Men's Undershirts	75	60
36 " Summer Drawers (small sizes)	25	12 ½
2 Ladies' Fleece Lined Vests	1 00	80
7 " Woolen Vests	60	45
17 " " "	32	25
(Sent by Express, collect)		

This is all GOOD STOCK, but as we are not replacing the same line, we are anxious to clear it all off. The prices in many cases are considerably below cost. We can only fill orders up to limit of above list, so recommend you to get your orders in at once. Address

TRADE SECRETARY,
SALVATION TEMPLE, TORONTO.

Lieut. Emberton, Minnedosa	35
Mrs. Bohm, Minnedosa	35
Cadet Hall, Rat Portage	35
Lieut. Potts, Edmore	35
Ensign Taylor, Regina	35
Lieut. D. Custer, Carberry	35
Lieut. Hagen, Brandon	35
Cadet A. Bristol, Rat Portage	28
Capt. Brandis, Lisbon	25
Capt. Smith, Larimore	25
Cadet Ferguson, Lisbon	25
Sergt. J. Johnson, Selkirk	25
Capt. Canfield, Port Arthur	25
Capt. Lloyd, Grand Falls	25
J. S. S.-M. Walks, Valley City	25
Hro. E. Pilkham, Grafton	25
Capt. Halstern, Bismarck	21
Sister Hardness, Carberry	21
Capt. Westacott, Portage	29
Treas. St. Johns, Minnedosa	29
J. S. S.-M. Rice, Moosomin	20
Lieut. Draper, Larimore	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

20 Hustlers.	
Sister Smith, Roseland	225
Sister Glenn, Butte	225
Cadet Johnson, Spokane	180
Mrs. Adjt. Hay, Billings	98
Lieut. Ellison, Vanehaven	98
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	90
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, New Westminster	80
Lieut. M. Ziebarth, New Whatcom	80
Sister Ada Lewis, Victoria	80
Mrs. Clara Jackson, Livingston	75
Lieut. Etta Kalispel	70
Mrs. Nobile, Revelstoke	60
Capt. Scott, Helena	55
Capt. Walrath, Missoula	55
Capt. Miller, Nelson	55
Lieut. Floyd, Dillon	48
Capt. Southall, Missoula	46
Capt. Stevens, Helena	42
Sister Nellie Porter, Victoria	42
Sister Wallender, Rossland	40
Capt. Sheard, Lewiston	34
Capt. Penruddock, Klipspell	30
Insignia Cannan, Revelstoke	28
Sister Kerby, Vancouver	24
Lizzie Covie, Nanaimo	24
Cadet J. Bowyer, Mt. Vernon	25
Cadet R. Lauchlin, Mt. Vernon	20
Sister Sarah Wessel, Victoria	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

14 Hustlers.	
Cund. Ludlow, St. Johns I.	60
Sergt. M. Childs, St. Johns I.	45
Capt. Knight, St. Johns I.	40
Cadet Soper, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet G. Clark, St. Johns I.	35
Mrs. Poddet, St. Johns I.	30
Sister Newell, St. Johns I.	30
Cand. R. Bogas, St. Johns I.	29
Cand. M. Shute, St. Johns I.	29
Sister J. Parsons, St. Johns I.	29
Sister Mrs. Cook, St. Johns I.	29
Leander Smart, Till Cove	58
Cadet Thistle, Harbor Grace	25
Lieut. Reader, Bay Roberts	25

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

3 Hustlers.	
Adlt. McGill, Skagway	70
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Skagway	60
Mrs. Smith, Skagway	23

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends!	
We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist your loved ones in their search for lost relatives.	
Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 10 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Every case could be sent, if possible, to delay expenses.	
Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner of any information which may be given to give any information about persons advertised for.	

(Second insertion.)	
JAMES L. HACKING. Age 50 years, height 5 ft. 3 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address, Cotton Mills, Merriton, Ont.	
MRS. MARK METSON, or MARTIN. Last known address, in 1899, No. 17, Main Street, Londonfields, Hackney, London. Any information will be gladly received by her daughter, Mary, 64 Durocher Street, Montreal, Canada.	
LOVE, MARY. Age 35. Former home in village of Mayden, Darlington Township, Ontario. Last heard of at St. Vincent Street, Toronto. Sister Eliza, now Mrs. Saunders, auxiliary. Address Enquiry, Toronto.	
CREW, WILLIAM. Age 36, short, dark eyes and hair, ruddy complexion. Occupation, steward on board a vessel which plies on the Niagara River, Canada. Address Enquiry, Toronto.	

Songs for all Meetings

The Fire of the Holy Ghost.

Tunes.—What's the news? (B.J. 12); In memoriam (B.J. 308); Christ for me (B.J. 308); Better world (B.J. 11).

Then Christ of burning, cleansing flame!

Send the Fire!

Thy Blood-bought gift today we claim.

Send the Fire!

Look down and see the waiting host.

Give us the promised Holy Ghost.

We want another Pentecost—

Send the Fire!

God of Elijah, hear our cry.

Send the Fire!

He'll make us fit to live or die.

Send the Fire!

To burn up every trace of sin,

To bring the light and glory in.

The revolution now begins—

Send the Fire!

"Tis Fire we want, for Fire we plead

Send the Fire!

The Fire will meet our every need—

Send the Fire!

For strength to ever do the right,

For grace to conquer in the fight,

For power to walk the world in white,

Send the Fire!

Strength to Conquer.

Tunes.—Sovereignty (B.J. 203); Madrid (B.J. 176); Stella (B.J. 25).

2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry,
And all my needs just now supply!
New power I want, and strength, and
light,

That I may conquer in the fight,
Oh, let me have, where'er I go,
My strength to conquer ev'ry foe.

I need Thy love my heart to fill,
To tell to all Thy blessed will,
And to the hopeless souls make known
The power that dwells in Thee alone:
And then, wherever I may go,
Thy power shall conquer every foe.

Oh, make my life one blazing fire
Of pure and eager heart-desire!
The lost to find, the low to raise,
And bring them forth Thy name to praise.

Because, wherever I may go,
I show Thy power to ev'ry foe.

Our Glorious Banner.

Tune.—Lift up the banner (B.B. 3, B.J. 252).

3 We'll shout aloud throughout the land;
The praises of our God;

We'll fight beneath our flag unfurled,

Kept by the Precious Blood.

Chorus.

No we'll lift up the banner on high,
The salvation banner of love,
We'll fight beneath our colors till we die.
There go to our home above.

Salvation shall be all our cry,
Whatever man may say;
We'll fight for God until we die,
We're bound to win the day.

Salvation soldiers still fight on,
Be more courageous still;
To God the world shall yet belong,
And bide its stubborn will.

All Aboard!

Tunes.—Out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2), Glory, glory, Jesus saves me (B.J. 131, 2); You never can tell (B.J. 13, 3); This is why I love my Jesus (B.J. 104, 1).

4 The Gospel ship along is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All who wish to sail to Glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Chorus.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry:

"See the blissful port of Glory

Open to each faithful eye."

Thousands she has safely landed!
Far beyond this mortal shore;

Thousands still are sailing in her,

For there's room for thousands more.

Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of God's grace :

Carrying every faithful sailor

To his heavenly landing-place.

Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
Safe with us through life's rough sea;

Then, with us, you shall be happy.

Happy through eternity.

Come to the Cross.

Tune.—Sinner, see you light (B.J. 48).

5 Sinner, see you light,
Shining clear and bright

From the cross of Calvary.

Where the Saviour died,
And from His side,

Came the blood that sets us free.

Chorus.

Come away, come away—
To the Cross for refuge flee :
See the Saviour stands
With His bleeding hands,

They ransom He paid on the tree.

In the gloomy shade,

When He knelt and prayed.

Oh, what painful agony !

When His brow was wet,

With bloody sweat,

In the Garden of Gethsemane.

See, the Saviour stands,

With His wounded hands,

And He calls aloud to thee,

"I for thee life gave,

Thy soul to save,

Then thy heart now give to Me."

Come away to Him,

And confess your sin,

Come to Him Who died for thee :

To His feet draw near,

With heart sincere,

And from sin He'll set thee free.

6 With a sorrow for sin,
Must repentance begin,
Then salvation, of course, will draw
nigh ;
But till washed in the Blood
Of the crucified Lord,
You will never be ready to die.

We've His word and His oath,
And His Blood seals them both,
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie ;
If you do not delay,
But repeat while you may,
He will soon make you ready to die.

When the fight we have done,
And the victory won,
We to mansions of Glory shall fly,
There eternally sing
To our Saviour and King,
For His love makes us ready to die.

A New Favorite.

Tune.—She was bred in old Kentuckey,

7 From my God I strayed away, even
in life's early day,
Caring not for love which God to
me did show ;
I own my own way wished to choose, was
not willing life to lose,
And intent on having pleasure here
below.

I did seek and seek again, but, alas !
'twas all in vain,
Out of God my heart was never satisfied,
On my path a light did fail, from the
cross I heard a call,
Telling me that Jesus for my sins had
died.

Chorus.

Oh, Jesus is the fairest that I ever, ever
knew.

He's my Saviour and my Leader as this
world I travel through,
He inspires me to keep fighting,
In His law I am delighted,
And I'll reign with Him by-and-by.

In my heart 'twas dark as night, fail
had long since took its flight,
I was weary, sad and lonely, wail
not pray ;

But I felt as ne'er before, while God's
voice said o'er and o'er,
That forgiveness could be mine that
very day.

Then my voice did freely flow as the
Spirit laid me low,
And in simple faith confess my every
sin ;

God's own hand me lifted up, let me
drink of joy's deep cup,
And I feel His pardoning love and
grace within.

Now, I ask of you to-day, Will you not
begin to pray

To your loving Heavenly Father? See,
He stands,

Asking you to stop and think, are you
reach the clausus brink,

Pointing you to Jesus' bleeding heart
and hands!

Come and seek His proffered grace, come
and have before His face,

Come and tell your guilt, your doubts,
your earthly fear.

Hark! His ear is now beat low, and
the blood dash freely flows,

He is waiting now thy wounded heart
to cheer.

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS ARE

OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL BE THE

CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

AND YOU SHOULD

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The price will be **10 CENTS**, but its value to you will
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Lt.-Col. Margerit,

Jamaica,

Brigadier Wm. H. Cox,

New York,

Brigadier Mrs. Read,

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips,

Brigadier Friedrich,

Staff-Capt. Cowan,

Mr. Jesse Page,

Adjutant Attwell,

London,

Adjutant Jost,

Adjutant A. L. Page,

Ensign Thorkildson,

and others,

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